

THE

# National AND ENGLISH Review

Vol. 153

SEPTEMBER, 1959

No. 919

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## ENGLAND'S GLORY

TWO SHILLINGS



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# THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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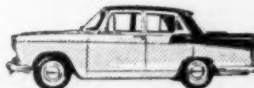
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## Episodes of the Month

THE Summit has been reached; but, like Everest, only two men will reach it. Others have contributed to the ascent: Mr. Macmillan's visit to Moscow earlier this year was a helpful move, and Vice-President Nixon's recent experiences behind the Iron Curtain may have encouraged the President to try his luck. Mr. Khrushchev, for his part, has always been ready to travel: indeed Mr. Macmillan, when he went to Moscow, was rather belatedly returning the "B. and K." visit to Britain in 1956.

### End of an Era

THE Eisenhower-Khrushchev meetings are a logical outcome of the almost universal demand for talks at the highest level. In terms of power the highest level means, quite simply, America and Russia. China and India will one day be Super-Powers, but as yet they have not quite attained that status. Britain, France and Western Germany are all three, as it were, top of the second division, but they trail clouds of imperial glory which are apt to confuse their thinking and conceal their true position—from themselves, if not from the rest of the world. The French and West Germans have, it must be admitted, shown a realism which we have conspicuously failed to show in establishing ourselves as dominant partners in the Common Market area. But they remain ultimately dependent upon the Americans, and they know it.

The post-war figment of parity between Russia, Britain, France and the United States has thus at last been officially rejected. For the time being America will speak for the democracies, Russia for the Communist States. President Eisenhower is, however, a good ally and he knows that even Super-Powers cannot do without allies. He is therefore undertaking an elaborate round of diplomatic visits before he comes face to face with Khrushchev. We must hope that his precarious health will be equal to the strain of his last year in the most exacting office on earth.

### End of a Parliament?

M.P.s. are now on holiday and there are good reasons for supposing that the present Parliament will have little more to do before it is dissolved. Mr. A. Bevan has described it as the "squalid Parliament" and the description is fairly apt, though he may

not have realised the extent to which his own party has contributed to the squalor.

The Socialists began the ignoble process which has resulted in Britain's unilateral abandonment of National Service. Sir Anthony Eden, his colleagues and successor should not, of course, have allowed the interests of the country and the alliance to be sacrificed in the competition for votes which the Socialists started when they declared against National Service; but this vital matter should have been kept out of the political arena and a heavy responsibility rests on the Socialists.

Nor is their record clean even on Suez—by far the most disgraceful episode for which the 1955 Parliament will be remembered. They opposed the Government's follies and crimes while they were being committed, but they have failed to press for a full enquiry. The most likely explanation of this dereliction of duty is that they discovered, apparently to their surprise, that the public as a whole—more especially that section of it which traditionally votes Labour—was in sympathy with the Government. Yet if ever an enquiry was needed to ascertain the truth and ensure minimum standards of decency in British public life, Suez must be a case, *the case*, in point. An Opposition with any sense of principle would have reiterated the demand for such an enquiry, and would give it great prominence at the Election, whatever the immediate cost in votes.

### A Question of Responsibility

DEBATES on the Hola massacre and the Devlin Report were the high-lights of Parliamentary activity before the Recess. In the former, a speech of outstanding quality was made by Mr. Enoch Powell. It appears to him, as it must appear to many, that in the *post mortem* on Hola the normal British code of responsibility has been completely disregarded. Underlings paid the penalty while their official superiors went unscathed. It was indeed right that Mr. Sullivan, commandant of the Hola camp, should be dismissed and that Mr. Lewis, Commissioner of Prisons, should advance the date of his own retirement. But should they have been the only victims? Were they the only people responsible? Technically, the Colonial Secretary himself should have resigned, but we mentioned two months ago the special extenuating factors of which he

may legitimately be given the benefit. Responsibility should, therefore, have been accepted by the Governor of Kenya, the Minister of Defence and Internal Security, and the Minister for African Affairs. Sir Evelyn Baring is nearing the end of a term of office which has in many ways been distinguished, but as the active head of an administration whose defects caused a terrible and shameful tragedy he should, like the Commissioner for Prisons, have accelerated his departure. Men at the top of the official tree are accorded higher pay and recognition on the understanding that they are responsible for the efficiency and good conduct of the people under them: if they feel free to put the blame upon subordinates whenever there is trouble they can hardly expect to be treated like victorious generals when they manage to avoid trouble. Monty, for instance, is a much-honoured, some would say an excessively honoured man; but it must be said in his favour that had he lost the battle of Alamein instead of winning it he would have been instantly discarded and would now be living in total obscurity. A Colonial Governor seems able to have his cake and eat it.

Mr. Cusack, the Minister of Defence, was also on the point of retirement, and he had left the Colony before the debate on Hola in the Kenya Legislative Council. Even Mr. Michael Blundell, who would not err on the side of unfairness to a fellow European and a former colleague, said:—"I feel that the Minister of Defence who has now left the country should have been asked to shew his arrangements so that he could have been present for this debate. I do not think that would have been a hard thing to ask in such a grave matter". Lower down the scale we must observe that Mr. Cowan was very lucky indeed to keep his job. If the crucial instructions were not sent to Sullivan in written form, though Cowan had arranged that they should be sent and assumed they were being sent, we can only conclude that Cowan's office staff must be phenomenally incompetent; and a senior official must surely be held responsible for the competence or otherwise of his office.

#### Banda and Kindersley

**G**OVERNMENTS are not obliged to accept the findings of Commissions which they have themselves appointed, but they should be careful not to make the crude error of accepting only those findings which are convenient while rejecting those which are inconvenient. They should also try to be

consistent in their reactions to quasi-judicial reports. It is wrong, for instance, to reassert the guilt of Dr. Hastings Banda on circumstantial evidence, when the same sort of evidence was on an earlier occasion held to be insufficient to condemn Lord Kindersley and others. The two cases are strictly comparable. Both the Bank Rate Tribunal and the Nyasaland Commission of Enquiry were presided over by eminent judges; both Dr. Banda and Lord Kindersley are citizens of repute, who would not normally be suspected of dishonourable behaviour. Against both men the evidence was purely circumstantial, and the good name of each was cleared after a full investigation. The only difference is that Dr. Banda is a strong opponent of Government policy in Central Africa, whereas Lord Kindersley is no threat to Government policy anywhere. A double standard seems to be in operation, which can only have the effect of shaking people's faith in British justice.

As a practical exercise, the arrest of Dr. Banda was surely the height of folly. Quite apart from the weakness of the evidence against him, the *inexpediency* of detaining him seems to have been overlooked by Sir Robert Armitage and his advisers. Dr. Banda was and is unquestionably the leader of his people, and his position could only be strengthened by arbitrary arrest and incarceration. The Devlin Report shows that he was well aware of this fact himself and was confidently expecting to be arrested. When declaring a state of emergency a shrewd government would therefore have left him invidiously free, while his more extreme colleagues were detained. As it is, the British authorities will have no choice but to lose face when they release Dr. Banda, as they will have to do before there can be any constitutional progress in Nyasaland. It is never wise to attack or arrest or deport men with whom it will eventually be necessary to do business.

#### Right Honourable Kwame

**O**NE political prisoner made good was recently sworn a member of the U.K. Privy Council at Balmoral. This distinction is declined by the leaders of some Commonwealth countries, as they do not believe in accepting U.K. honours, and it is noteworthy that so fervent an African nationalist as Dr. Kwame Nkrumah should have been willing to accept it. Even more remarkable is the fact that Sir Roy Welensky, who would certainly not

## ENGLAND'S GLORY AT THE TATE

refuse, has yet to become a Privy Councillor. Mr. Macmillan deserves credit for advising the Queen to show what may well be interpreted, in some quarters, as a preference for Dr. Nkrumah.

Above all, the Queen deserves great credit for completing her programme in Canada

under conditions which are now known to have been even more difficult than was supposed. Her promptness in informing the Ghanaian Prime Minister of her enforced inability to visit his country later this year was also admirable, and was matched by the fidelity with which he kept her secret.

## ENGLAND'S GLORY AT THE TATE

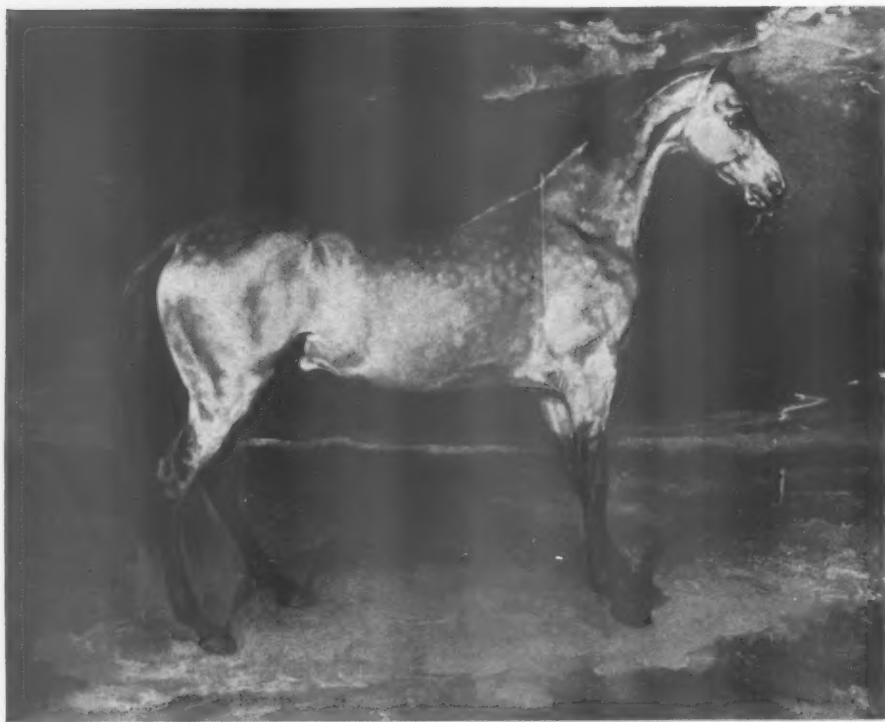
THE Romantic Movement was England's greatest gift to Europe. Everywhere its essence and inspiration was overwhelmingly literary and, in spite of Rousseau and Madame de Staël and Herder and a host of others, no one will deny that it was the Continental discovery of Shakespeare and Ossian and Walter Scott that launched this particular revolution in taste. These were the trumpets sounding to battle against Reason, against the impersonality of Classic Art, against all that the Renaissance had brought in its train. What, in England, was but an intensification of the natural English mode of being, was in Europe a conscious revolt, a "Movement". In Germany the new mood was intellectualised and produced *Faust* and Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. In France *le romantisme* was but a regrettable deviation from the true course of the French genius, lasting a mere fifteen years for all its splendours. After four hundred years of a continuous roar of romantic poetry, Englishmen felt as much at home with the new writing as they had with the *Tempest* or "On a Maymornening on Malvern Hills". Small wonder then that, in the important exhibition arranged by the Arts Council at the Tate,\* it is the English painters who steal the show. Their deep, unself-conscious and non-literary romanticism, with its undercurrent of naturalism, was for once in step with the general temper of Europe. This was their hour of glory.

Nevertheless, other countries have much to show that is beautiful or interesting or heroic, or a blend of all three. To the English viewer the German exhibits must be most stimulating because least familiar. Caspar David Friedrich has had a wonderful press this summer; indeed his paintings have a glossy

finish and kodachrome brilliancy that will always draw a gasp of admiration from any English crowd. Yet the larger pictures, the *Mountain Rainbow*, the *Midnight Funeral in the Ruined Abbey*, with its anticipation of Japanese woodcuts and the modern poster, even the Algernon Newtonish *Landscape in Bohemia*, all have, after the first sweet relish, a rather mindless vulgarity, a lack of the true painter's humility before the object. It is only in his smaller works, such as the *Man and Woman gazing at the Moon*, that he is wholly successful. Intensely *romantisch*, intensely bourgeois, here we have the beloved Germany of the *Lieder* ("Süsse Mond, du bi-ist so-o sti-ille"), the happy Germany of apprentices and hard-up students wandering off through the forests or along the Neckar, with one last backward glance at the girl who waves from her casement window—the Germany that Europe lost forever in 1870, and that propagandists have tried in vain to persuade us still exists. It is closely allied to the land of fairies and knights and half-timbered towns created by Moritz van Schwind. To our insular eye his selfishness has more than a hint of the elephantine—but it is fair to add that he is at his worst in oils, a technique he never really mastered. No one is more quintessentially *deutsch*; his illustrations to Eichendorff's poems are part of every German's bloodstream. Yet the great surprise of the exhibition has been the achievement of the "Nazarenes", the *Klosterbrüder von Sant' Isidoro*. These were true Romantics, fighting their way back to a dream-like Middle-Age, most of them converted to Catholicism, living the simple life, each in his cell of a deserted monastery in Rome. They saw very clearly that it was not against the France of Louis Quinze or Seize that they were in revolt, but against the Renaissance and Raphael and Michelangelo, so they sought their models in the Quattrocento. It comes as a shock of surprise to see

\*THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT. At the Tate Gallery and the Arts Council Gallery until September 27th.





By courtesy of the Arts Council

GERICAULT: "HORSE FRIGHTENED BY THUNDER AND LIGHTNING"

the dates—1819, 1820, 1825—on these pictures which so closely resemble those of our own Pre-raphaelites, whom indeed they influenced through Ford Maddox Brown.

In spite of the melodrama of such pictures as a *Glen in Winter* or *Devil's Bridge*, Blechen had the painter's eye which could see—as Wright of Derby saw earlier—the beauty of the Industrial Revolution. His *Iron Foundry near Neustadt-Eberswalde*, with its pale primrose sky and sombre stillness, is a social document as well as a minor masterpiece. Schnorr von Carolsfeld gives more the impression of a successful pastiche, perhaps because he remained so resolutely Protestant to the end. The undoubted hero of the group, now as then, is the Lübeck-born painter Overbeck. His famous self-portrait is, alas, not here but the tiny *St. Joseph's Dream*, painted as early as 1810, gives the pure flavour of his art. The little picture, with its predominant grey tonality, has a deeply moving, almost Blake-like, prophetic quality. One feels one must hurry to Germany to see more.

With France we enter upon a very different

world: sophisticated, expert, with the long disciplines of classicism behind it. Some of the pictures shown belong in fact entirely to the old order of things, delightful though they are. Of these the most enchanting is Hubert Robert's night view of the Cenotaph raised to Rousseau in the Tuileries, when his ashes were to be transferred to the Pantheon in '94. At the other end of the story, among the post-Romantics, we notice gratefully the Corot on loan from Hartford (Conn.). It gives us the same first glimpse of Rouen "*descendant tout en amphithéâtre*" that Emma Bovary saw on a famous page through the eyes of another post-Romantic. But the giants here are Géricault and Delacroix, and there is no doubting their stature. Géricault is potentially the greater, but he died young. There is a strong vein of realism in him—as French as Balzac and as observant as Saint-Simon—to which he adds the Romantic's love of horrors. He was passionately devoted to horses—in fact it was Epsom and not Walter Scott that drew him to England—and no-one has ever painted them so well. There



## ENGLAND'S GLORY AT THE TATE



By courtesy of the Arts Council

STUBBS: "WHITE HORSE FRIGHTENED BY A LION"

is a famous *Chasseur à Cheval* in France which, in an identical pose, shows up the classic emptiness of Bonaparte's charger in David's picture (here in the exhibition). A comparison of Géricault's *Horse frightened by Thunder and Lightning* with Stubbs's *White Horse frightened by a Lion*, summarises the whole difference between the romantic and classic genius. *La Folle* from Lyon is terrifying in its realism alone, owing nothing to melodramatic detail. His portrait of Delacroix is as much a document of the Romantic Movement as are Delacroix's own Journals. How heroically it compares with William West's too, too Harrovian portrait of Byron!

Delacroix is so powerful a painter that one instinctively mistrusts one's first surrender to him. There is a swirl of life, even in small pictures such as *The Murder of the Bishop of Liège* or *Boissy d'Anglas at the National Convention*, which takes one's breath away. The sense of drama, of the stage, is heightened, not by effects of chiaroscuro, but by bold juxtaposition of complementary colours, red against green, blue against orange, which

seem to have been hurled into place before any detailed drawing was attempted. Through the generosity of the Louvre authorities, one is able to see the huge *Massacre at Chios*—a picture which, when first shown, proved a storm-centre of the Romantic Movement in France. Today its colour, its political content, its rhetoric and its mixture of horror and high tragedy give it much the same pre-eminence amongst Romantic paintings that *Faust* enjoys amongst Romantic writings. For once, and in a big way, Delacroix draws upon contemporary events, his technique enriched by his first glimpse of Constable's landscapes, shown in the *Salon* of that year. It is one of the great pictorial constructions of the world, solving a complex problem with the verve and mastery that one will find in the *Night-Watch* and in very few other paintings. Yet Delacroix was perhaps most typically Romantic in his dependence on literary sources. *Faust*, *Don Juan*, *Hamlet*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*—these provided the inspiration for his pictures. There he differed most from Géricault, whose eye was fixed on the real.

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Where Géricault painted a contemporary horror in the raft of the shipwrecked *Méduse*, Delacroix followed it, characteristically, with *La Barque de Dante* whose strong pyramidal composition, reaching back to Poussin, he used again in the Chios Massacre. Today at the Tate, most aptly, we are shown the little Cézanne sketch done from it, and are thus made aware of the continuity of all great art.

And so home, to England—and what wealth awaits us there! This exhibition is not arranged by schools or nationalities, but to illustrate the principal themes which pre-occupied the artists of the Romantic period. The arrangement is brilliantly successful: one can compare the varied treatment of light, or animals, or the supernatural, one can walk among the portraits of the great Romantics, or study the heroes and heroisms which moved them most. Such a progress is instructive and forces one to comparisons. In all that is rhetorical or declamatory, in all that is literary, England lags a long way behind France. In religious paintings she produced nothing to equal that of the Nazarenes. But when the painter is concerned primarily with the interpretation of what he sees before him, then the English spirit, that compound of naturalism illumined by the age-old romanticism of the English heart, soars to heights where no European painters could, as yet, follow.



By courtesy of the Arts Council  
GAINSBOROUGH: "THE MARKET CART"

Where there is so much, one must need be selective. There are many minor delights, such as George Lewis's Herefordshire harvest scene. There are pictures like Crome's familiar *Slate Quarries*, which make one wonder why he was so often so dull, and show one how inferior is Ward's *Gordale Scar*. There are painters like Wright of Derby who seem to be right out of their period, yet whose moonlit ladies and Virgil's tombs show up the tinsel of Friedrich and Fohr and demonstrate the value of the pre-Romantic discipline. His portrait of Sir Brooke Boothby is only romantic because it is English, yet how ineffably romantic it is! There he lies, with a volume of Rousseau unopened in his hand and all the weary omniscience of our older Universities in his eyes, reaching back in mood to some Elizabethan gallant leant against a tree in a miniature of Hillyarde's, and forward to Henry Lamb's *Lytton Strachey*.

If one must choose, there are three painters whose peculiar magic forces them upon us. Samuel Palmer's small harvest scenes, painted in his early Shoreham days, are like no other pictures on this earth. They are compounded of the Old Testament, of Ruth and Boaz, of the Georgics, and of more ancient sorceries of fertility and regeneration. Palmer looked at the world as if it had but that moment left its creator's hand and he noted every detail, every blade of grass, every star showing through the leaves, with the humility of worship.

One of the many advantages of Arts Council exhibitions is that they force the great London museums to give up their dead—or at any rate force us to look at them with eyes revived. Whatever personal favourites we may miss, this selection from the huge store of Constable and Turner sketches leaves no doubt about these painters' genius. Constable was the first painter to paint what he saw with his own eyes, and the miraculous freshness of his vision can never weary us by repetition, for each separate instance has its separate authenticity. Compared with his landscapes, Gainsborough's *Market Cart* seems a sentimental abstraction, a design for a Gobelin's tapestry. Gainsborough is inevitably romantic because he is English but showed himself a true classic by his denial—in a famous letter to Lord Hardwicke—that any "real view from nature in this country could afford a subject equal to the poorest imitations of Gaspar or Claude". Whereas Constable, who revered Gainsborough, merely stated: "I never saw an ugly thing in my life". We are here shown,

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By courtesy of the Arts Council

TURNER: "THE PASSAGE OF MONT CENIS: SNOWSTORM"

side by side, the full-sized sketch and the finished picture of both *The Leaping Horse* and *Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows*. The problem of which version Constable preferred seems insoluble. The looser technique of the sketches so clearly foreshadows the coming of Impressionism that they have enjoyed an enormous vogue in recent years, and very wonderful they are. But here, in close comparison, the finished versions seem even more wonderful, as if he had absorbed all that the sketch had taught him of aerial perceptive and atmosphere, and fixed it forever in the balance and timelessness of controlled art.

Only Ruskin could write of Turner, of the triumphant wrestling with every problem of light, of the absolute confidence of great genius in its own vision. We must here confine ourselves to marginal comment on the greatest and most original artist England has ever produced. Study the watercolours and observe the tireless noting down of things seen, in every nuance of splendour in colour and light or mysterious dark. Notice such items as the two studies of clouds, done in varying strengths of one shade of blue. Enjoy the accurate, but never laboured draughtsman-

ship of such early topographical works as *Tintern Abbey* or the famous *Salisbury Cathedral from the Cloisters*, painted in 1796. Then turn to the oils and realise that these prismatic explosions, such as Mr. Gavin Astor's *Fingal's Cave*, or the Tate's own *Norham Castle, Sunrise* are built on a consummate understanding of draughtsmanship, just as in a Degas sketch every ripple of the brushstroke corresponds to an anatomical reality. It is this underlying drawing that gives these masterpieces their solidity. Then notice further the extreme accuracy with which the detail is just hinted in. Turn to the superb *Burning of the Houses of Parliament* and memorise it before it goes back to Cleveland (Ohio). Reflect, incidentally, that Barry's building which took its place is the most eloquent memorial to the whole Romantic Movement in existence. Then see how the fire-lit faces of the crowd are suggested, or the packed barges, or, for that matter, the whole historical splendour of the scene. And then go round all the Turners again, and go home and reflect on England's glory, and on the nature of the English genius, and agree, proudly, that the Romantic Movement was England's greatest gift to Europe.

OLIVER VAN OSS

Where Géricault painted a contemporary horror in the raft of the shipwrecked *Méduse*, Delacroix followed it, characteristically, with *La Barque de Dante* whose strong pyramidal composition, reaching back to Poussin, he used again in the Chios Massacre. Today at the Tate, most aptly, we are shown the little Cézanne sketch done from it, and are thus made aware of the continuity of all great art.

And so home, to England—and what wealth awaits us there! This exhibition is not arranged by schools or nationalities, but to illustrate the principal themes which pre-occupied the artists of the Romantic period. The arrangement is brilliantly successful: one can compare the varied treatment of light, or animals, or the supernatural, one can walk among the portraits of the great Romantics, or study the heroes and heroisms which moved them most. Such a progress is instructive and forces one to comparisons. In all that is rhetorical or declamatory, in all that is literary, England lags a long way behind France. In religious paintings she produced nothing to equal that of the Nazarenes. But when the painter is concerned primarily with the interpretation of what he sees before him, then the English spirit, that compound of naturalism illumined by the age-old romanticism of the English heart, soars to heights where no European painters could, as yet, follow.



By courtesy of the Arts Council  
GAINSBOROUGH: "THE MARKET CART"

Where there is so much, one must need be selective. There are many minor delights, such as George Lewis's Herefordshire harvest scene. There are pictures like Crome's familiar *Slate Quarries*, which make one wonder why he was so often so dull, and show one how inferior is Ward's *Gordale Scar*. There are painters like Wright of Derby who seem to be right out of their period, yet whose moonlit ladies and Virgil's tombs show up the tinsel of Friedrich and Fohr and demonstrate the value of the pre-Romantic discipline. His portrait of Sir Brooke Boothby is only romantic because it is English, yet how ineffably romantic it is! There he lies, with a volume of Rousseau unopened in his hand and all the weary omniscience of our older Universities in his eyes, reaching back in mood to some Elizabethan gallant leant against a tree in a miniature of Hillyarde's, and forward to Henry Lamb's *Lytton Strachey*.

If one must choose, there are three painters whose peculiar magic forces them upon us. Samuel Palmer's small harvest scenes, painted in his early Shoreham days, are like no other pictures on this earth. They are compounded of the Old Testament, of Ruth and Boaz, of the Georgics, and of more ancient sorceries of fertility and regeneration. Palmer looked at the world as if it had but that moment left its creator's hand and he noted every detail, every blade of grass, every star showing through the leaves, with the humility of worship.

One of the many advantages of Arts Council exhibitions is that they force the great London museums to give up their dead—or at any rate force us to look at them with eyes revived. Whatever personal favourites we may miss, this selection from the huge store of Constable and Turner sketches leaves no doubt about these painters' genius. Constable was the first painter to paint what he saw with his own eyes, and the miraculous freshness of his vision can never weary us by repetition, for each separate instance has its separate authenticity. Compared with his landscapes, Gainsborough's *Market Cart* seems a sentimental abstraction, a design for a Gobelin's tapestry. Gainsborough is inevitably romantic because he is English but showed himself a true classic by his denial—in a famous letter to Lord Hardwicke—that any "real view from nature in this country could afford a subject equal to the poorest imitations of Gaspar or Claude". Whereas Constable, who revered Gainsborough, merely stated: "I never saw an ugly thing in my life". We are here shown,

## ENGLAND'S GLORY AT THE TATE



By courtesy of the Arts Council

TURNER: "THE PASSAGE OF MONT CENIS: SNOWSTORM"

side by side, the full-sized sketch and the finished picture of both *The Leaping Horse* and *Salisbury Cathedral from the Meadows*. The problem of which version Constable preferred seems insoluble. The looser technique of the sketches so clearly foreshadows the coming of Impressionism that they have enjoyed an enormous vogue in recent years, and very wonderful they are. But here, in close comparison, the finished versions seem even more wonderful, as if he had absorbed all that the sketch had taught him of aerial perceptive and atmosphere, and fixed it forever in the balance and timelessness of controlled art.

Only Ruskin could write of Turner, of the triumphant wrestling with every problem of light, of the absolute confidence of great genius in its own vision. We must here confine ourselves to marginal comment on the greatest and most original artist England has ever produced. Study the watercolours and observe the tireless noting down of things seen, in every nuance of splendour in colour and light or mysterious dark. Notice such items as the two studies of clouds, done in varying strengths of one shade of blue. Enjoy the accurate, but never laboured draughtsman-

ship of such early topographical works as *Tintern Abbey* or the famous *Salisbury Cathedral from the Cloisters*, painted in 1796. Then turn to the oils and realise that these prismatic explosions, such as Mr. Gavin Astor's *Fingal's Cave*, or the Tate's own *Norham Castle, Sunrise* are built on a consummate understanding of draughtsmanship, just as in a Degas sketch every ripple of the brushstroke corresponds to an anatomical reality. It is this underlying drawing that gives these masterpieces their solidity. Then notice further the extreme accuracy with which the detail is just hinted in. Turn to the superb *Burning of the Houses of Parliament* and memorise it before it goes back to Cleveland (Ohio). Reflect, incidentally, that Barry's building which took its place is the most eloquent memorial to the whole Romantic Movement in existence. Then see how the fire-lit faces of the crowd are suggested, or the packed barges, or, for that matter, the whole historical splendour of the scene. And then go round all the Turners again, and go home and reflect on England's glory, and on the nature of the English genius, and agree, proudly, that the Romantic Movement was England's greatest gift to Europe.

OLIVER VAN OSS



# TELEVISION ROUND THE WORLD

THERE are now said to be 76 million television receivers in the world and at least 1,600 transmitting and relay stations. These figures represent an awful lot of television, but the position is complicated by the very uneven pattern of its distribution throughout the world. Of the 1,600 transmitters some 670 are in the United States. To go with them are 50 million of the 76 million receivers. Western Europe has 16½ million sets, about 10 million of which are in Britain. By contrast, in the U.S.S.R. there seem to be only three million sets, although the number, as Mr. Khrushchev points out, is probably rising fast. In the whole of China there are only a few hundred sets and these are in public places. UNESCO has made some very broad calculations about the number of television receivers per 1,000 people throughout the world. According to these there were 50 TV sets per 1,000 people in North America (including Mexico and the West Indies), 12.5 in Europe (excluding the USSR), 0.7 in Asia (excluding the USSR), 0.7 in South America, and 0.7 in Oceania and 0.008 in Africa.

When it comes down to individual countries, the USA and Britain are way out in front. They are followed by Canada with some three million television sets and Western Germany with 1.5 million and Japan with one million. These are the major television countries reckoned in terms of sets and size of audience. After them, and now entering the stage of very rapid growth are France and Italy with between 800,000 and one million sets. Several countries are nearing the half million mark, including Holland, Belgium, Brazil and Cuba. The rest of the countries with a television system are still well below the quarter million.

All this activity began only twenty-three years ago when the BBC started the world's first public television service from the Alexandra Palace. Today there are thirty transmitters at work in Britain. Where are the rest? The biggest number, as we have seen, is in the United States. So far as Europe is concerned the United Nations Statistical Year Book for 1958 states that Italy has 173 transmitters including relay stations; Germany has 75; and France 25. Apart from these

countries, the only others to get into double figures in the television stakes are Canada, with 40 stations, and Japan with 68. So far as the rest are concerned, it is interesting to see where television has raised its head and where it has so far remained silent. In Africa, the only stations appear to be in Algeria and the former French zone of Morocco. In Asia, the Philippines have had television since 1953 and Thailand since 1955, while Hong Kong has had a closed circuit system since 1957. Indonesia is now reported to have its own television system, but no details of this are available.

In the Americas the inhabitants of Dominica, Mexico and Cuba have all been watching television since 1953. Large areas of Argentina, which has only one station, and Brazil which has six, must be out of range of television, while Colombia, Venezuela and Uruguay, judging solely on the number of stations, seem to be a bit better off. In Europe, apart from the countries mentioned above, the only ones with television stations are Austria, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, Finland, Luxemburg, Spain, Portugal, Sweden and Switzerland. Australia started television in 1956 and, according to the UN records, has six stations. Reliable figures are not available for the number of television stations now operating in the USSR and the satellite countries, but Hungary, Poland and Czechoslovakia all have a television network.

From this brief round-up it is clear that there are a great many countries without television. New Zealand is one of these. For some years there has been pressure on the Government to launch into television and the Labour Party advocated an immediate start on building a system. However, on its return to power in 1958 it decided that New Zealand, given the low price of butter and lamb, would have to wait for its television a bit longer. At the present time the question of which system would best suit local conditions is being considered and the New Zealanders are said to be waiting with great patience for the day when the installation of a television system can no longer be put off.

South Africa is in rather the same condition so far as finance is concerned. There is the



## TELEVISION ROUND THE WORLD

added difficulty that the shape and size of the country would make a complete nationwide coverage expensive. As the State-owned radio network has been in frequent financial trouble, there is no hurry to embark on a new system requiring even more costly equipment; and of course the colour problem introduces other complications.

Elsewhere, Greece, Ireland and Iceland are still without television, and Turkey has only an experimental set-up. In countries with small populations the capital cost of building the necessary stations is a major problem. Another difficulty, not confined to nations of this size, is the provision of material of sufficiently high standard to fill the available programme time. Shortage of local talent can lead to excessive dependence on canned programmes. A diet of Westerns and space fiction unrelieved by home-produced fare is not a prospect that appeals to any small country striving to retain its national characteristics. Nor is the solution of commercial television open to them. Advertising on television depends on the mass market and mass production for its success. Jingles can hardly be used to sell the products of craft industries where every article is custom built. The countries where commercial television has met with the greatest success are the United States and Britain. In both of these commercial life is organised in a way that gives the television commercial a tremendous impact. The European countries where advertising is either used or being strongly campaigned for are France, Italy and Western Germany. The others, where conditions are suitable for television advertising, are Belgium and Holland. The problems here are not commercial but political and religious. The language division in Belgium and the fact that Dutch administration is divided between various interests have kept television broadcasting under State control in the Low Countries. The third partner in Benelux has no such difficulty. Luxembourg, with barely a million inhabitants, is far too small for a State owned system. In the days of sound radio the commercials of Radio Luxembourg were the first broadcast advertisements heard in this country. The fact that Luxembourg has a powerful television station getting its revenue from advertising is another factor likely to make it difficult to introduce commercial television into Holland and Belgium.

The other highly populated areas without television are in Asia. India, which has well

over a thousand radio stations, was still without a television station in 1958. So were Ceylon, Pakistan, Malaya and Singapore. The position in China is not clear and the United Nations, which collects material only from its member countries, is no help here. It is probably true to say that, apart from Japan, the Asian countries have given television a low place in their list of priorities. But the experience of Japan seems to show that, once industrialised, the people of the Asiatic countries are just as likely to become television addicts as those of the younger civilisations of the West.

### II.

Some details of the television networks of the principal countries where a system is now in operation are given below. It is important to remember that, except in the USA, Canada, Britain and Japan, it is unusual for the viewer to have a choice of programme from his national service. There are plenty of cases where it is possible to look at programmes coming across a national frontier. The most interesting example of this are the television poachers of the Irish Republic, who, having no programme of their own, tune their sets to the programmes from Northern Ireland and Birmingham.

#### *Western Germany*

With one set to every thirty-three inhabitants, over one-and-a-half million all told, Western Germany is now second only to Britain in European television. The industry is making around a million sets a year of which about a fifth are exported to other European countries. The rather gaudy-looking products with their plated finish are to be seen by the windowful in any German city. Prices are about the British level with the result that television viewing is widespread. On the whole it is more popular with the lower and middle income groups.

German television is run by nine broadcasting companies. These are licensed to operate in particular areas, but are otherwise independent and strive to be neutral politically. Advertising was started in November, 1956 by the Bavarian Television Corporation and was quickly followed by Sender Freies Berlin. There has been considerable pressure from various private groups for an extension of advertising, but so far only two other companies have put out commercial programmes. These are the Hessischer Rundfunk and Sudwest/Rundfunk. As programmes only last for about four hours a day, the

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amount of advertising that can be accepted is limited to a daily half-hour period from 7.25 p.m. to 7.55 p.m., except on Sunday and official holidays. Six minutes of the half hour are let to spot commercials arranged in two three-minute groups at the beginning and end of the period. In the area covered by the four corporations which put out advertisements there are some two million viewers. Four commercial companies sell advertising time on behalf of the television corporations.

At present there is one general programme, the *Deutsches Fernsehen*, to which seven of the TV corporations contribute. A second general programme is to come into operation in 1960 but it has not yet been decided on what basis this will be operated. By British or American standards, the present programmes are on the dull side, so much so that the cinemas are not yet feeling the effects of TV competition to the same extent as here.

### *Luxemburg*

The private commercial TV station, *Tele-Luxemburg*, began to put out programmes in the French language at the beginning of 1955. It is owned and operated by the *Luxemburg Broadcasting Corporation*, owners of *Radio Luxemburg*. The studios are in *Luxemburg* city, but some programmes are produced in France and Belgium. The potential audience, which is not confined to the Grand Duchy, is about four million.

### *France*

France is estimated to have some 865,000 television sets of which at least 70,000 are unlicensed. This is simply a technical manifestation of the French dislike of taxation. About 9,000 sets, as visitors to France are only too well aware are installed in cafés, hotels and public places. Sales have been slow because the price of sets is higher than in other countries on account of the Government decision to use the 819 line-cycle. Credit restrictions during the years of financial crisis have also held up sales. All television stations are State-operated by *Radiodiffusion-Télévision Française* and the most of the country is now served by one programme. There is talk of a second channel but how this would be operated and whether advertising would be allowed is not known. At the beginning of 1959 the French Government network bought up *TV Monte Carlo* which had carried advertising. This now operates on the same basis as the rest of the French system.

### *Belgium*

The *Institut National Belge de Télévision* started operations in 1958 in Belgium. Sets are still very expensive, but the number of viewers is growing. It is estimated that in about five years' time every Belgian family will have a set. There are four TV broadcasting stations under State control. The *Antwerp* and *Ruiselede* stations operate in Flemish, and *Brussels* and *Liège* in French.

### *Holland*

Dutch television is State owned and is organised by the *Nederlandse Televisie Stichting (NTS)*. The system follows the peculiar convention which in Holland divides the administration of every public service from libraries to schools into five sections. *NTS* is accordingly divided into a Roman Catholic division, a Protestant division, a Social Democrat section, another Christian division and a neutral division. The broadcasting companies represented by these divisions—*KRO*, *NCRV*, *VARA*, *VPRO* and *AVRO*—all have a hand in the selection of television programmes. There is no advertising on Dutch television and the annual TV tax is about £3 for each set. Instalment buying of sets is widespread and the number in use is estimated at over 300,000.

### *Sweden*

*Sveriges Radio Television* has been in operation since the autumn of 1956. In a normal week there are about six hours of live programme, plus one or two films and serials. The system is State-owned and has stations at *Stockholm* and *Gothenburg*.

### *Switzerland*

*Switzerland* has seven TV stations, four working in German, one in French and two in Italian. The French and German language stations average about eighteen hours of programmes a week, of which about two-thirds are live and one-third on film. The television system is State-owned and there is no advertising.

### *Italy*

The government network *RAI-TV* covers the greater part of Italy and Sicily. This is extremely good for such a mountainous and elongated country and is made possible by having a large number of transmitters. Various private groups are trying to break the government monopoly but so far they have met with little success. At present *RAI-TV*

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operates on one channel only. Programmes begin at about 5 p.m. and run until midnight. Advertisements are allowed for ten minutes each day and are confined to one short musical programme. In spite of these apparently unfavourable commercial conditions there is a long waiting list of would-be sponsors. There are estimated to be over a million sets in Italy. As costs are high the number of viewers per set is greater than elsewhere. The most popular TV shows are screened in local cinemas and there is a large number of sets in cafés and public places. Watching television programmes is a part of the social life of Italian villages and small towns. The quality of programmes is high. Indeed, it is claimed to be the best on the Continent, having the same high artistic standards that brought Italian films such well deserved praise a few years ago.

### *Austria*

Austria has only recently started a State-owned television service operated by Österreichischer Rundfunk. Programmes run for between three and four hours a day and there are estimated to be around 35,000 sets in operation. The programmes are produced in Vienna and relayed over eight strategically placed broadcasting towers securing very good coverage considering the difficult terrain. Austrian television programmes are followed with great interest by viewers in Hungary and Czechoslovakia. It is interesting to note that several prizes offered for quiz programmes have been won by Czechoslovakian viewers.

### *Ireland*

There is no television service in the Republic of Ireland but some 30,000 television sets are daily tuned in to stations in Ulster and England. A government commission was set up to examine various offers to build television stations made by American and local concerns, and it was recently announced that Ireland is to have a TV service, which will be publicly controlled and financed, in part at any rate, by commercials.

### *Japan*

Japan has 68 stations, of which 23 are State-owned. These are supported by a monthly tax collected from the one-and-a-half million owners of sets. This tax is paid whether the owner listens to the official stations or not. In Japan the possession of a television set is a certain mark of social standing and prosperity. Sets are cheap by Western stand-

ards, but so is labour and even the lowest priced fourteen-inch receiver costs about two months' pay for the average white-collar worker. The principal commercial station is in Tokyo, but the whole country is covered by the State and commercial networks. The television tower in Tokyo, which has become a symbol of national pride, is ten feet higher than the Eiffel Tower, and one of the six tallest structures in the world. Many of the shows put out are imported from the USA and dubbed into Japanese. Among the most popular are *I Love Lucy*, *Superman*, *Mighty Mouse* and *Science Fiction Theatre*. Eastern versions of "Westerns" are great favourites with the young Japanese. Television programmes go out for about nine hours a day. The indications are that the Japanese television industry will soon be second only to that of the United States in number of stations and size of audiences.

### *Guam*

Station Guam-TV, which covers Guam and the Marianas, is operated on a commercial basis. It is said to have over 10,000 viewers working out at about ten to each set.

### *Hong Kong*

Closed circuit television has been in operation in Hong Kong since 1957. There is estimated to be an audience for this of some 40,000 among the English-speaking middle class Chinese of Hong Kong and Kowloon.

### *Thailand*

The Thai Television Co. Ltd. started business in 1955. It has a powerful transmitter at Bangkok which reaches an audience of about 300,000. Programmes go out for around five hours each evening.

### *West Indies*

Bermuda has one commercial television station which started to operate at the beginning of 1958. Programmes go out for some five hours each evening and there are believed to be about 26,000 viewers.

*El Salvador* has the most powerful station in central America, covering its whole territory. It is operated by a commercial company.

*Guatemala* has a privately owned station in Guatemala city.

### *Canada*

The main system is operated by the State-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation,

but there are some forty-two commercial stations as well. About 92 per cent of the households in Canada are covered by one or other television programme. All told, there are about three million sets concentrated mainly in the most densely populated areas of Ontario and Quebec. Seven stations put out programmes in the French language only. The type of programme follows the American pattern fairly closely. Many features from the American networks are put out in Canada too, but there are a number of very popular home-produced programmes. Like the Americans, the Canadians can watch television for ten hours or more a day. Many do.

#### *The United States*

So much has been written about television in the United States that it is not easy to say anything in the short space available here that is not already well known. The main differences between television in America and in Britain are three. First, virtually all programmes are commercial with no nonsense about "natural breaks". The commercials come in as often as the sponsor wants them. Without them many programmes would be unbearable. Second, American television is on all day long. You can watch "Westerns" from morning to night if you feel like doing nothing else. Third, there are more programmes. In most parts of the USA the viewer has a choice of three programmes. In the big cities this goes up to five or more.

Apart from the commercials there are three kinds of officially provided educational programmes. The first of these are community stations supported by voluntary funds. These

are the programmes on which visiting lecturers are given time. The second kind are university stations supported by State and local budgets. The third type of non-commercial television are the networks owned by the States and covering particular sections of the country. These are supported entirely from taxation and surprisingly enough are nearly all to be found in the South. Some of the best features to be seen anywhere appear on these programmes. The drawback with all these educational programmes is that they are only on for a relatively few hours each week and some of them are not up to commercial standards in the quality of production.

For the rest, it is perhaps sufficient to say that some programmes are to be seen everywhere in the United States. They are the same ones mentioned earlier as being the most popular offerings on Japanese television. Colour television is operating at certain hours in some parts of the country and is of extremely high quality.

In Britain it is estimated that the market for television sets will reach saturation point some time in 1961. Most of the other countries of Western Europe are still a long way from this situation. Elsewhere few governments have finished the job of providing one programme that can be seen anywhere in the country. Nevertheless, considering that it is still only twenty-three years since the first service went out, surprising technical progress has been made in spreading television networks throughout the world. Looking at some of the uses to which it is put, it would be a bold man who would say it had all been worth while.

RICHARD BAILEY

## ADEN: FORCE IS NOT ENOUGH

RACE memories are stirring in Arabia—recent warlike memories of snipers and sangars, high pickets and flying columns. "But my dear fellow," says an enthusiastic British voice, "this is exactly like the North-West Frontier." "Splendid training for the men," you hear. Young officers should give their eyes to come to British Forces, Arabian Peninsula.

These expressions of military delight indicate that there are in progress at this time

activities covered by that grimly dead-pan word "operations". Officials will angrily deny that a war is in progress. They seem happier with phrases like "police action in support of allies" and even that unforgettable term "armed conflict."

Nevertheless operations are going on and, over the past year, they have ranged from mountain assaults in battalion strength to nocturnal sniping at officers' latrines, from the judicial slaughtering of enemy camels by

## ADEN: FORCE IS NOT ENOUGH



THE WING OF A *Beverley* AIRCRAFT GIVES SHELTER TO YEMENI TRIBESMEN WHO HAVE COME OVER THE BORDER FOR MARKET DAY

*This and other photographs were taken by the author.*

jet fighters to air strikes with four-engined bombers and thousand-pound bombs.

As I write the scene is comparatively peaceful: yet ambushes and sniping and counter-action continue.

As will have been guessed, these activities so reminiscent of the North-West Frontier of India—are taking place in the hinterland north of Aden and are the direct result of external threats to that Colony. They are also part of a wider scene: the political and military moves that defend British access to the oil wells of the Persian Gulf. Hence Aden-based forces were heavily implicated in this year's dramatic little war in Oman, a thousand miles away, when an Anglo-Arab force despatched a force of marauding tribesmen. Yet the Oman operations had no direct bearing upon the security of Aden itself. That particular question is now being settled in the 50,000 square miles of the Western Aden Protectorate between the Colony itself and the frontier of the Yemen.

To military minds the importance of Aden's 75 square miles of volcanic rocks and sand, gypsum, pumice and salt desert is unquestioned. The Colony, once primarily a naval coaling station, is now a staging post in the global defence network, a fuelling point for aircraft and ships. The oil refinery built

at a cost of £45 million to replace Abadan has a refining capacity of five million tons of crude oil per year and produces some three million tons of bunker fuel for the 5,000 ships which use the port each year. Khor-maksar, which doubles as an international civil airport and the main base of an operational air force, is an essential staging post in long-range air trooping and a fuelling point for bombers.

So long as there is danger of war with Russia or in the Middle East and so long as Persian Gulf oil is essential to the British economy, I was told, the British will remain in Aden. Indeed the place has become an eastern Gibraltar and it is startlingly similar, both in looks and strategic purpose. Just as Gibraltar "covers" the South Atlantic and West Africa, so Aden "covers" much of the Indian Ocean and East Africa. The similarity does not end there. The threat to Gibraltar's security comes from the mainland to the north. And such is the case with Aden.

Though undoubtedly inspired and assisted by the Soviet Union and the United Arab Republic, the little State of the Yemen (population about four million) actively claims both Aden and its hinterland, which it still calls Southern Yemen. The claim is based upon the fact that for a thousand years tribes-





AN INFANTRY PATROL AT THE FORT OF  
SA'NA ON THE YEMENI FRONTIER

men from what is now the Yemen have raided and frequently occupied large areas of what is now the Western Aden Protectorate. Yet no part of the disputed land was occupied by these invaders for as long as the Turks occupied the Yemen itself. The second Turkish occupation only came to an end during the First World War when the British, who had occupied Aden since 1839, found themselves facing unruly and acquisitive Yemeni tribesmen across a frontier in country so wild and lawless that even a joint Anglo-Turkish military expedition had been unable to define it let alone make it a reality. For the next twenty-five years the frontier territory was in chaos, the Yemenis frequently invading the lands of Arab rulers of the Protectorate bound to Britain by treaties.

In 1934 an Anglo-Yemeni agreement was finally signed, each agreeing to respect the frontier (ill-defined as it remained) and to maintain the *status quo*, a disastrously-phrased expression that is a major factor in the present trouble. The British say that they meant the *status quo* on the frontier line itself. The Yemenis maintain they meant the *status quo* on either side of the frontier.

The Yemen is a medieval kingdom, riddled with intrigue and fear; the executioner's sword is still an instrument of policy. After a revolution and counter-revolution eleven years ago, and the accession of the present

Imam Ahmad, Anglo-Yemeni relations rapidly deteriorated. The Imam began a campaign of subversion within the Western Protectorate and the number of frontier forays increased. Further negotiations in 1951 proved fruitless and when, two years later, the British announced their plan for a federation of the sultanates, emirates and sheikhdoms of the Western Protectorate the real crisis began. The Yemen accused Britain of disturbing the *status quo*.

Frontier fighting began and, during the past two years, has sometimes reached the proportions of a war.

In 1955 and 1956 the British position became dangerously weak. Anti-British propaganda broadcast throughout Arabia by Cairo Radio was taking effect and after the expulsion of General Glubb from Jordan came the nationalisation of the Suez Canal and the disaster of the Suez war. There was little British military strength at Aden and there was dissension even among the British-officered Aden Protectorate Levies (at one time five hundred deserters were posted). There was industrial unrest in Aden itself and both Adeni and Protectorate rulers admittedly began to lose confidence in the British ability to keep this last firm foot-hold in the Middle East.

Not content with Egyptian support, the Imam enlisted Communist help. Russian officers arrived to train his army which was armed with Russian and Czech weapons. Industrial contracts were awarded to Communist firms and it seemed that the Yemen was about to become one of the outer satellites of the Soviet Union and that a serious situation was becoming a desperate one.

The British reaction to this threat was to take direct military action and while, in principle, this may be deplored it is instructive to examine the results.

Since Yemeni forces crossed the frontier at Dhala last year the British Command has made a series of rules for necessary military reaction which can be best explained by the titles of sets of standing R.A.F. operation orders; "Counter Battery", "Tit for Tat" and "Hot Pursuit".

Whereas, hitherto, a Yemeni force had been able to cross the border, attack a police post or village, and withdraw without fear of reprisal, now counter-attacks followed. If a Protectorate fort was fired upon, then a similar fort on the Yemeni side would be attacked. The most spectacular action took place when, after patrolling R.A.F. aircraft



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had been fired upon by anti-aircraft guns mounted on bastions of the massive barracks at Qataba inside the Yemen, the barracks were heavily attacked by rocket-firing *Venoms*. Since then the barracks have been rebuilt but its guns no longer fire across the frontier.

At Aden an integrated Army-R.A.F. headquarters has proved a most successful experiment and, in the field, the two Services operate as a single arm. At its disposal it has a little army of two British and four Arab infantry battalions, together with armoured cars, artillery, sappers and the usual supporting troops. Its miniature air force consists of a squadron of *Venom* ground-attack jet fighters (soon to be replaced by *Hunters*, partly because of the threat of MiG fighters based in the Yemen), a squadron of *Shackletons*, which double as bombers and maritime reconnaissance aircraft, and a considerable force of transport aircraft which are used to supply the many outlying forts, camps and posts that cannot be reached overland. Outside the Colony these forces act officially in support of the Arab troops of the federation rulers.

Trouble is far from confined to the frontier. The sultans and emirs have never controlled more than a small proportion of the mountain country ostensibly under their rule. Traditionally the warlike mountain tribes have levied "protection money" from the valley villages and demanded tolls from caravans in the passes. Intruders into these mountain regions—whether they be Arab or British—are invariably attacked. Indeed at the present time these tribesmen control two-thirds of the Western Aden Protectorate.

The Yemen has given modern weapons to these tribesmen—and even those who have no interest in Yemeni aspirations rarely refuse a gift which is not only a symbol of manliness but also worth £120 in the *souk*. Generally British policy has been to avoid action with these tribes and to occupy and patrol only areas which are accessible and strategically important. Thus the main British ground forces are concentrated at three frontier towns—Dhala, Mukeiras and Beihan—opposite the three main Yemeni concentrations. These three garrisons—only one of which, Dhala, is supplied overland—and their opposing garrisons are known as "cricket pitches". Otherwise the forces of the federation are generally cooped up in little stone forts that recall the nostalgic wars of P. C. Wren. Even the fortnightly overland convoy to Dhala has to be forced through fifty miles of hostile mountain country with an

escort amounting to a dozen armoured cars, two field guns, a company of infantry and a standing patrol of jet fighters.

But a comparatively efficient method of maintaining some crude form of law and order in the inaccessible areas has been devised. British advisers and political agents working with the Intelligence agents of friendly Arab rulers have evolved a system of pin-pointing villages from which raids have been made and ambushes laid. Policing is then carried out by jet fighters. Leaflets demand that, say, blood money be paid or a hostage surrendered. If this order is ignored further leaflets issue an ultimatum. If no reply is received by a certain date the fighters shoot all the livestock within a prescribed area—a cruel but effective method of fining—or may knock down the house of a trouble-maker, technically incredibly difficult but a feat which the young R.A.F. pilots have mastered with astonishing skill, as can be seen in many aerial photographs showing one house neatly "taken out" of the middle of a village.

"These people only understand force," is an expression frequently heard in this part of the world—and up to a point it is true. An Arab characteristic (but, as with all generalisations, there are exceptions) is the admiration



"THE DOCTOR'S SELF-APPOINTED TASK"

of physical prowess. There can be no doubt that the friendly rulers of the Protectorate feel a lot happier with a company of British infantry a mile down the valley and the mere presence of three-inch mortars has been enough to deter some persistent trouble-makers. The performance of the young soldiers of the Buffs in storming 2,000 feet up Jebel Jehat under fire last year won wide respect among tribesmen brought up as mountain warriors.

To the undoubted quietening effect of military strength has been added the failure of Egyptian propaganda, the rift between President Nasser and the Communists, and troubles in the Yemen itself. The daily declamations from Cairo—which can be heard in every town and even in the camps of the Levies—are so outrageous (British troops are constantly bayoneting babies and the Aden refinery has frequently been blown up) that they are no longer believed and listened to as a sort of exciting radio serial.

Of recent months Cairo Radio and the Egyptian Press has turned on the Communists and this has had the immediate effect of lessening the influence of the Russians in the Yemen. Finally, during the absence of the disease-ridden Imam in Italy, the young Crown Prince el-Badr had real difficulty in maintaining order and balancing the rival army and tribal factions. He seems to have succeeded, but with his capital constantly on the verge of yet another revolution, he had little time to mount further trouble on the frontier. But, while content to leave the "cricket pitches" in peace—particularly after some "Tit for Tat" reaction from the southern side—el-Badr lost no opportunity to aggravate small tribal differences in the centre of the Protectorate in order to draw British forces away from the frontier.

With the Imam's return trouble on the border may begin again. Should the Yemen join the United Arab Republic—unless there has been a *rapprochement* between President Nasser and the British Government—the situation would, it is thought, deteriorate further. But for the time being firm military action by small forces does seem to have achieved its object.

But this object is very limited, one that can achieve no lasting settlement. Certainly the unruly tribesmen respect force. But with equal certainty force cannot inspire them to seek closer ties with Britain.

This was brought home to me when I visited the Emir of Dhala in his palace a few

miles from the Yemeni frontier. The Emir is a small, shy man and, unlike some of the Protectorate rulers, has no reputation as a fighting leader, or even a local "strong man". He never ventures out at night, when his palace is frequently fired upon, and by day will only travel short distances and then only with a heavy escort.

"The British," he said, "send us soldiers and for this help we are grateful. But we need more than this. We need medical supplies and now we need food. There has been little rain and the grain harvest is very bad. The British give much money to other nations in the Middle East so why will they not give more to us who are their friends?"

The British answer to this may well be that Arab rulers might spend the money they are given more wisely. They might, perhaps, not build so many large houses for their relations. They might insist that more corn and less of the drug *qat* be planted in the fertile fields. The British would be delighted to give them economic advice.

But certainly the most pressing need, and one with which Britain could help enormously at little cost is the need for medical services. The tribesmen in this part of Arabia who survive infancy do not expect to pass the age of forty. Many, perhaps most, can expect no medical treatment beyond that of the medicine man whose most common prescription is branding. Villagers live with their domestic animals in hovels without sanitation and are subject to almost the whole range of European diseases with a number of particularly unpleasant ones peculiar to their own country.

I spent a morning with a young British Army doctor who was *voluntarily* visiting his "private patients" in hill villages which no other white man would dare visit without a heavy escort. I cannot forget the misery I saw and the apparent hopelessness of the doctor's self-appointed task. As we left the last sick child—the doctor had first seen him being carried out for burial but now, a week later, hoped that he might survive—the doctor turned to me and said: "Whenever I treat an Arab child I hope that he will live to grow up and say that he remembers the British because they came with pills that healed him as well as the big guns over at the camp."

This was a thought which could, I felt, be kept in the forefront of the minds of the policy-makers down in Aden and at the Colonial Office.

TOM POCKOCK

# THIS PLAN WILL SPLIT EUROPE

A COMMITTEE OF EXPERTS is to meet in Stockholm this month to consider further the draft plan for a free-trade association between the so-called Outer Seven — Britain, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Portugal, Austria and Switzerland. What is the motive behind this plan? A Press release issued in Stockholm with the draft itself says, "Ministers affirmed that in establishing a European Free Trade Association it would be their purpose to facilitate early negotiations both with the European Economic Community and also with other members of the OEEC." Mr. Heathcoat Amory, Britain's Chancellor of the Exchequer, said in the House of Commons on 23rd July, "The purposes of Her Majesty's Government in taking part in this decision to set up a European Free Trade Association were broadly two. In the first place, these arrangements will be advantageous in their own right to the United Kingdom and to all other members. The Ministers meeting at Stockholm were unanimous in their conviction on this. Secondly, we, and all the other Governments, believe that this is the best way to advance towards a single European market, free of tariffs and other restrictions." And the Federation of British Industries said in a statement on 17th June, "It is clear from our enquiries that industrial opinion in the UK about European trade is dominated by the need to avoid the division of Western Europe into two unfriendly camps . . . The search for a constructive form of trading association between the Six and the rest of Europe must be resolutely pursued. Our attitude to the Outer Seven project is thus primarily influenced by our assessment of the contribution it might make towards this search; and from this point of view much the greater part of British industry is favourable to, or prepared to acquiesce in the proposal."

That seems clear enough. Six countries of Europe formed themselves, more than eighteen months ago, into the European Economic Community (variously known as EEC, the Common Market or the Six) and are proceeding to establish a common

external tariff and to abolish tariffs and other import barriers between their own members, viz: Western Germany, France, Italy, Belgium, Luxemburg and the Netherlands. Other members of the eighteen-nation Organisation for European Economic Co-operation (OEEC), which has carried out such valuable work over the past ten years, could not agree to join the EEC for various reasons, the most important of which was that it had political aims and involved the surrender of a certain amount of national sovereignty. With Britain there was, too, the question of prior commitments in the Commonwealth.

There was an attempt, however, to form a European Free Trade Area (EFTA) of the remaining OEEC members to work in conjunction with the EEC so that internal tariffs throughout Europe would be abolished while EFTA members would be free to maintain their individual tariffs against non-European countries and EEC members would similarly maintain their single consolidated tariff. After protracted negotiations this plan fell to the ground largely because of objections raised by France, where there was considerable concern over the privileged position it would grant Britain (with preferences both in Commonwealth and European markets and freedom from the supranational authority of the EEC).

At that, European countries outside the Six were faced with a considerable problem. As tariffs between EEC members were progressively reduced, there was bound to be increased trade between them at the expense of trade previously conducted with the rest of Europe. Similarly, industry within the EEC would be able to expand rapidly and would probably be enabled thereby to compete even more efficiently in other markets. It became evident, as the FBI statement says, that "the search for a constructive form of trading association between the Six and the rest of Europe must be resolutely pursued."

Now it so happened that the Scandinavian countries had long been considering forming themselves into a free-trade area and, as

prospects for the formation of an EFTA began to look blacker and blacker, various industrial interests in Scandinavia and in other European countries began to get busy on a plan of their own. This was a plan thought up by business men who were getting very worried indeed about what would happen to their foreign trade and even their home trade if the EEC were allowed to flourish uncontested in Europe. It was a plan to minimise the effect of EEC operations and it was first drawn up by a meeting of representatives from eleven industrial federations and employers' organisations in Austria, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Switzerland and the United Kingdom. It was published in Paris on 14th April, 1958, as *Free Trade in Western Europe* and it set out a pretty comprehensive draft for the formation of a limited free trade area. It, too, contained the statement, "In addressing these (recommendations) to our Governments and to the Inter-Governmental Committee of OEEC our aim and hope is to help forward the negotiations for the full Free Trade Area." This was published more than six months before the official negotiations for the full EFTA broke down.

It was not until more than a year later, on 21st July, 1959, that the plan devised by industry was finally adopted by the Governments concerned, plus that of Portugal, and published in more detailed form as *The Stockholm Draft Plan for a European Free Trade Association*, to which we have already referred. So now we have fully documented evidence that all concerned are anxious that the Outer Seven project should be regarded as a stop-gap measure designed to bring about the formation of the wider EFTA.

Nothing could be clearer. The only snag is that no ordinary thinking man can understand, by any stretch of the imagination, how this plan can possibly do any such thing or how, in fact, it can possibly "avoid the division of Western Europe into two unfriendly camps". It looks very much like a gambler's throw, with all the odds stacked against it. The Six, led by France, have already turned down the EFTA almost entirely on political grounds. The EEC is not primarily a trading community. It is simply another phase of the move towards complete integration in Europe (a movement that is much stronger on the Continent than is generally realised in Britain). Europe, particularly Europe of the Six, is only too fully aware of its vulnerability as a conglomeration of small, independent states in

a world of power politics. It has seen two primarily Franco-German wars inside a quarter of a century and it is playing for safety. France, moreover, is resentful of her comparatively minor position in world politics (a direct result of those wars) and is determined to place herself at or near the head of a powerful European community. She sees Europe dominated by a triumvirate of France, Britain and Germany. If Britain will not surrender the necessary amount of national sovereignty, then the domination must be exercised by France and Germany. The strong, independent Britain belongs to history.

Basically that is the French attitude. How then can the formation of a "little FTA" with Britain indisputably at its head either commend itself to France or weaken her resolve? How can it persuade her to change her mind? The argument seems to be that the Outer Seven project will minimise the effect on its members of co-operation between the Six and so strengthen their bargaining position. But what is the real value of the little FTA? It will open up six relatively tiny export markets to Britain: it might permit her to steal some of Germany's quite important trade in Scandinavia. It will open up the massive United Kingdom market to six Continental countries who are all highly-g geared to the export of relatively few items: timber and paper from Sweden, fish and fish products from Norway, cordage products from Portugal, agricultural produce from Denmark, hand tools and instruments from Austria and Switzerland, and so on. Several British industries could be forced to contract or even close down. Does this really make for bargaining power?

Moreover, does it provide that necessary bridge between the EEC and the remaining OEEC members — or does it push them further apart? What, in fact, has already happened? Finland has expressed interest in the little FTA and Greece and Turkey have applied for associate membership of the EEC. That leaves only Iceland, Ireland and new-member Spain unattached among OEEC members. Europe already consists of the FTA camp, with its eyes solely on economic cooperation, and the EEC camp, aiming primarily at political integration. And the FTA camp is accepting a second best, believing that it can yet force its opinions on its much more powerful rival.

At the time of writing, France appears to be treating the Outer Seven project with calculated disdain, but there can be little

## AMERICA'S NEWSPAPER TROUBLES

doubt that, if the governments concerned show any real intention to put their plan into practice (and it is possible, yet, that Britain is misguidedly trying to bluff) France will come out emphatically against it. She would not be able to prevent its formation but the resulting hardening of her attitude would almost certainly be supported by her EEC colleagues (who are no less politically-minded) and the split everybody professes to be seeking to avoid would be inevitable.

The Outer Seven project is a blunder—a ridiculous blunder—and it can do nothing but harm. This problem concerns the whole world. It is no longer a domestic affair within Europe: the political overtones are too

heavy. The solution must lie in a more flexible attitude by Britain and in active support from the United States, the Commonwealth and, in fact, all members of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade. Perhaps the time has come to blow the dust off the old Havana Charter for an International Trade Organisation. That, too, foundered on the question of national sovereignty.

Now a new Europe is emerging and it is essential that it should be one Europe—not two. The Outer Seven project is too parochial an approach to an essentially international problem.

LEONARD GAUNT.

# AMERICA'S NEWSPAPER TROUBLES

**A** MERICANS watched the course of the recent printing strike in Britain with great interest, particularly the terms of settlement. A union promise of co-operation in improving productivity is a feature which publishers would like to see incorporated in their own contracts. A leading American publisher recently asserted: "There has been no major improvement in the process of printing newspapers in the past sixty years."

Though there are big differences between the organisation and structure of the American and British newspaper and printing industries they both suffer from the same difficulties. Rising production costs and labour troubles are the chief handicaps, and the first is essentially the direct or indirect result of the second. The chief difference is that labour troubles in the United States are usually more localised than in England. There will be strikes in New York which do not affect Chicago, or in Chicago which do not affect New York.

Nearly a year ago, at the height of the Christmas advertising season, the nine chief New York dailies were closed by a strike. There have been sporadic strikes in various parts of the country since then, affecting one to half a dozen or more dailies and lasting from a few days to six weeks. Strikes which force newspaper plants to close are a grow-

ing hazard of publishing. The extent of the other major hazard, rising costs, can be gauged by the fact that ten years ago the average hourly wage on the newspaper production side was about fifteen shillings an hour. Now it is about twenty-one shillings. Salaries on the editorial side have also increased, though not to the same extent. In the last ten years the average cost of getting out an American newspaper has gone up over fifty per cent. The advertising rates and the price of newspapers have increased. (You now pay the equivalent of ninepence for a weekday paper; sometimes more, very rarely less). But more and more newspapers are finding that they cannot make ends meet.

In the past ten years, so the chief trade paper of the American newspaper business estimated some months ago, 217 daily papers have vanished. Some were bought by, and amalgamated with, their rivals, some linger on in a weekly edition, some just went out of business. Part of the same trend was the amalgamation early this year of two big news agencies, the International News Service and the United Press, into the United Press International. Twenty years or so ago it was more common than not for every large American city or town to have at least two daily papers. Now out of 1,450 cities with daily newspapers only 75, that is to say a little more than five per cent, have com-



peting papers. In 1,200 cities there is only a single daily paper, either morning or evening, and in most of the remainder the same publisher owns both morning and evening papers. In the capital city of Washington there is only one morning paper, though there are two independently published evening papers.

Owing to the size of the United States and the difference in local interests American papers do not, as in Britain, have national circulation. There may be a mild and limited competition between the papers of two cities for sales in the no-man's land between them. But generally speaking competition requires two newspapers in the same city. If there were a printing strike preventing the publication of local newspapers in the United States the reading public in the area affected would be deprived of national and international, as well as local news. The *New York Times* is, to some degree, an exception to the general rule that American papers circulate in a restricted area. It is on sale in about 12,000 cities and towns, and so is the closest thing in the United States to a national daily newspaper. But its total circulation is only between 500,000 and 600,000. It is not the largest, the best written or the easiest to read. It has been aptly called "the best unedited paper in the world". But since it prints more straight news and complete texts than any other paper it is required reading for any serious follower of national and international affairs, wherever he lives.

American newspapers do not really suffer from the competition of radio and television, though those who run them often think so. You only need a strike of a week or so, such as that in New York, for it to be quite clear that the general public did not find listening to radio or watching television reports an adequate substitute for reading their news. Since discarded papers account for much of the street litter, New York was a much cleaner city as a result of the strike. But however desirable that might be, New Yorkers found it small compensation for the loss of their papers. Literacy has evidently come to stay.

Americans who work on newspapers always talk a great deal about freedom of the Press and of information, which is guaranteed by the Constitution. When full details of governmental operations are not disclosed, when officials neglect to hold frequent Press conferences, or when facilities

provided for reporters are not of a high standard, there is always a loud outcry and complaints about the suppression of the news. You would almost think at times that there was a great conspiracy in Washington to stifle information. Yet Washington is probably the "leakiest" capital in the world, as many Foreign Offices and Governments have found to their despair. One reason is that every international move has to be cleared with the Congressional leaders. American politicians are great blathermouths who seem to be constitutionally incapable of corking up any information they happen to possess. If the conduct of American foreign relations leaves much to be desired, one reason is the difficulty of combining good diplomacy with full publicity.

While the imaginary, or at least highly exaggerated, threats to freedom of the Press from the Government cause concern, little attention has so far been paid to the threat which comes from within the industry itself. It is not from the source but from the distribution that freedom of information suffers. It can exist only to a limited degree in those cities where there is only one publisher, however high-minded and public-spirited he may be. There is no variety in the views and facts available to the reader. Competition keeps a publisher from becoming lazy in serving his public, which is what every good publisher wishes to do. The trend towards monopoly, towards consolidation—and concentration—in the American newspaper world has not yet run its course.

The editorial side suffers the most when papers vanish or are consolidated. Yet the schools of journalism at American Universities continue to turn out graduates in increasing numbers. What do they do? A large proportion, explained the Dean of the Journalism Department at one of the largest universities, go into "public relations". This is an expanding business which may well be growing faster than the newspaper business is declining. The national and local governments hire increasing numbers of men and women for public relations work. But the main increase is in industry. Every big firm now has its public relations department, so do hotels, private institutions — and even universities. But this does not increase freedom of information in any real sense. It may solve an individual problem, but does nothing to safeguard a valuable principle.

DENYS SMITH.





**T**HE DEVLIN REPORT does at least have by-products. It makes Englishmen realise just how much the Church of Scotland has done in Nyasaland; and, I hope, it turns a few thoughts in the direction of Dr. Livingstone, one of the figures in the Victorian pantheon who made the age of that queen a good deal more Elizabethan in spirit than ours appears as yet. To me supreme mystery surrounds the remark which rendered him immortal. It is taken as the distillation of nineteenth century behaviour, strictly codified and formal: but I cannot understand how Stanley felt able to address Dr. Livingstone at all. They had not met before and there was, presumably, nobody present to effect an introduction. When Kinglake in *Eothen* was crossing the desert between Egypt and Palestine, he suffered frightful qualms about hailing a camel-borne stranger travelling the other way—and who, as he neared, was identifiable first as a European and then as an Englishman. In the end Kinglake came down on the side of good manners, and, since the other Victorian either underwent no inner conflict, or emerged with the same decision, they passed without speaking. No such scruple troubled Stanley. The only possible explanation is that Stanley was an American.

**A**NOTHER SILENT FIGURE over Nyasaland, and quite rightly so, has been the Governor-General, Lord Dalhousie. Governors-General nowadays fall into two categories; either they are grantees from Britain or they are nationals of the country concerned. Is it too much, or even wrong, to hope that one day they will be recruited from other countries in the Commonwealth? Three material things bound the old Empire together—the British Fleet, the Indian Army, and the City of London as a fountain of capital. Then it was appropriate that the Empire should be concentric. Now all three have vanished and only less tangible bonds remain. Consequently a far more conscious effort must be made to preserve them.

When large businesses grow and age they

suffer from diseases of communication; so, no doubt, does the Commonwealth. Sometimes there is too much reference to the centre; sometimes there is too little reference to anybody at all. Sometimes, on the other hand, a large business develops plenty of lateral communication between division and division without referring everything through the centre. Commonwealth Governors-General would provide just this. For example it may well be that a Canadian would make a better Governor-General of the West Indies than an Englishman. Such choices would, it is true, blur the image of Britain as home; and they would diminish local nationalism. But might not good come of that?

**O**NE ARM of the Services which grew too late to bind the old Empire together, but whose usefulness to the Commonwealth survives that of the others, is the Royal Air Force. September, when most things are dying (except the Academic year, which is beginning) and when Proserpine is going back to hell, is the month of the Battle of Britain. A participant in that battle, whose contribution must never be forgotten, is the Rolls-Royce *Merlin* engine. The steam engineer thought that to cause an explosion in a cylinder was a very coarse expedient; so does the designer of the jet. In between, the piston engine flourished; and, named after a legendary British magician, the *Merlin* was developed from the Schneider Trophy engines just before the War to arrive at its best when it was most needed. All the thought, energy and skill which had gone for years into the motor cars of the few received its justification in the hands of that other—but not so different—few, whose *Spitfires* and *Hurricanes* were both powered by the *Merlin*. That the firm and the technique to produce the engine, and the spirit to use it, all existed together is due to a long, complex, interconnected and supremely fortunate chain of events. No better memorial of the partnership could exist than the window at Derby showing the blue sky over the black factory roofs and smoking chimneys, and dedicated by Rolls-Royce to the pilots of the R.A.F. "who, in the Battle of Britain, turned the work of our hands into the salvation of our country". Electorate and Governments in times of peace forget the aero-engine manufacturer as they once did the farmer. I hope they will give him a thought as they follow the vapour trails at the end of this other fine Summer.

AXMINSTER

## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

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When large businesses grow and age they

suffer from diseases of communication; so, no doubt, does the Commonwealth. Sometimes there is too much reference to the centre; sometimes there is too little reference to anybody at all. Sometimes, on the other hand, a large business develops plenty of lateral communication between division and division without referring everything through the centre. Commonwealth Governors-General would provide just this. For example it may well be that a Canadian would make a better Governor-General of the West Indies than an Englishman. Such choices would, it is true, blur the image of Britain as home; and they would diminish local nationalism. But might not good come of that?

**O**NE ARM of the Services which grew too late to bind the old Empire together, but whose usefulness to the Commonwealth survives that of the others, is the Royal Air Force. September, when most things are dying (except the Academic year, which is beginning) and when Proserpine is going back to hell, is the month of the Battle of Britain. A participant in that battle, whose contribution must never be forgotten, is the Rolls-Royce *Merlin* engine. The steam engineer thought that to cause an explosion in a cylinder was a very coarse expedient; so does the designer of the jet. In between, the piston engine flourished; and, named after a legendary British magician, the *Merlin* was developed from the Schneider Trophy engines just before the War to arrive at its best when it was most needed. All the thought, energy and skill which had gone for years into the motor cars of the few received its justification in the hands of that other—but not so different—few, whose *Spitfires* and *Hurricanes* were both powered by the *Merlin*. That the firm and the technique to produce the engine, and the spirit to use it, all existed together is due to a long, complex, interconnected and supremely fortunate chain of events. No better memorial of the partnership could exist than the window at Derby showing the blue sky over the black factory roofs and smoking chimneys, and dedicated by Rolls-Royce to the pilots of the R.A.F. “who, in the Battle of Britain, turned the work of our hands into the salvation of our country”. Electorate and Governments in times of peace forget the aero-engine manufacturer as they once did the farmer. I hope they will give him a thought as they follow the vapour trails at the end of this other fine Summer.

AXMINSTER



## TROUBLE WITH SYMBOLS

ALBERT CAMUS AND THE LITERATURE OF REVOLT. John Cruickshank. *O.U.P.* 25s.

COLERIDGE THE VISIONARY. J. B. Beer. *Chatto and Windus.* 30s.

COLERIDGE and Camus, the dreamy poetic metaphysician and the pithy Mediterranean *philosophe*, do not on the face of it have much in common. Coleridge is unmistakably English; Camus, born and brought up in colonial Algeria, seems more French than the French. But this contrast makes it all the more clear what they share intellectually and shows why each in his separate way exercises a spell upon us. For both are concerned solely with what is *important*, and the nature of this concern places them in an uneasy position astride the crossroads of literary communication, able neither to concentrate on producing a work of art, in the formal sense, nor to confine themselves within the schematic problems of the philosopher.

Indeed they reveal to us the curious paradox that an exclusive preoccupation with what is important can only be an embarrassment to the literary man. Tolstoy is a case in point: his passion for the truth led him to stop writing novels and write sermons instead. A great work of art does not reveal the truth, it is the truth, it embodies it. But Tolstoy wanted to reveal it. He became impatient with the massive irrelevance of art, the sense in which it has to "by indirections find directions out". His impatience with Shakespeare is extremely significant, for Shakespeare is a mass of irrelevance—his most moving passages and the ones that most haunt our imaginations simply do not connect with anything in the obvious sense "important". Take Banquo's account of the martins in the eaves of Macbeth's castle:

This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve  
By his loved mansionry that the heavens' breath  
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,  
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant  
cradle . . .

Coleridge pointed out that this marvellous passage contains a highly relevant dramatic irony because the castle inside was in fact a place of blood and horror, and he was echoed by the German romantic critics of Shakespeare. But, with all respect, Coleridge and the Germans are talking through their hats. Their passion for symbol and connection blinds them to the fact that the essence of Shakespeare's art is its power of absorbing and transmuting the sheer detritus and contingency of experience. Every workman-like playwright knows how to get in a few dramatic contrasts, but in Shakespeare *any* observation becomes a part of his profound epiphany of life. It is this secret which the Romantics—and we can include both Coleridge and Camus under that heading—remain unable to grasp. It is one of the most striking features of such Romantics that their seriousness, their sense of what is important, compels them to substitute the idea of the sage for that of the artist, to attempt to reveal the truth directly instead of creating a work of art that might embody it.

It is not quite true that Coleridge and Camus always attempt to reveal the truth directly however. They are well aware that art must move by indirection and so they try to achieve revelation by means of symbol. Camus wishes to convey his sense of the human situation in our time, and he does so by means of describing a town stricken with the plague. But what is this plague? Is it totalitarian government, with its secret police and its haphazard reign of terror? Or is it an allegory of the absurdity of life itself, the madhouse in which we are all under sentence of death and in which we console ourselves with theories and beliefs about immortality, God, and love. Obviously it is both these things, and yet it does not correlate very satisfactorily or impressively as either. As Mr. Cruickshank acutely points out, there is a constant struggle in the work of Camus and in the whole modern tradition of French writing between the formal possibilities of symbolism and naturalism, as a mode of expressing the important truths the writer wants to say. Clearly in one sense *The Plague* is a mannered imitation of reportage, done with the same cunning appearance of verisimilitude that Defoe (a writer much admired by Camus and his contemporaries) achieved in his *Journal of the Plague Year*. But what then is the purpose of this naturalism? It merely confuses the issue without enhancing the meaning, and makes one feel that modern symbolism always

## TROUBLE WITH SYMBOLS

remains a form of polemics and never becomes a true form of art. There is a very interesting example of the dilemma in *L'Etranger*—*The Outsider*—a *tour de force* which is to my mind greatly superior to *The Plague*. Meursault, the young hero, is intensely alive and is portrayed in the most convincing way; he is far from being a symbolic figure, and yet he does represent our isolation as human beings, our deep inner alienation from the stock responses and official emotions of society and family life. Every bosom returns an echo, for instance, to Meursault's predicament when he does not feel anything particularly on the death of his parent, though he knows he *should* be feeling something in the eyes of conventional society, and at the end of the book the court that is trying him for an almost accidental murder is shocked when it comes to light in the interrogation that Meursault spent the afternoon after his parent's funeral swimming with his girl-friend. So far so good. Camus has contrived to show an ordinary young man, almost an everyman, in a new imaginative light, even though the contrast between the individual and his bourgeois environment seems rather exaggerated to the average Anglo-Saxon reader. But then occurs a touch—one of many—which gives the game away and reveals that Meursault is not an everyman but a very special kind of person, and that he owes his individuality to being a case history of an odd type. He is eating his lunch by himself, fries a couple of eggs and then finds he has no bread. There is a baker's shop outside the flat, two floors down, and he could get a loaf in a minute, but no, he can't be bothered and eats his eggs as they are. Now Camus has gone too far in the direction of naturalism here: at one stroke he has taken his character out of the dimension of a universal symbolism and made him into a Dickensian curiosity. For though we all know what it is to fail to feel what we should, or what convention dictates that we should, how many of us would be indifferent to the creature comfort of our own physical and personal selves? Meursault ceases at these moments to represent the human predicament and becomes an individual oddity, and as a result the whole *pretension* of the book is jeopardised, even though its minor virtues—the virtues of a good conventional novel—are enhanced. *L'Etranger*, one might say, succeeds by being less merely *important* than it set out to be! Camus starts out to say: this is what human life is like, and ends by telling what life was like for one

particular and brilliantly imagined person.

The symbol as used by Camus is thus closely connected with a particular sort of French literary egocentricity: it has often been observed that the existentialist view of the human situation is in fact a view of the human situation in occupied France. And when Camus expounds his ideas directly, as in *L'Homme Révolté* for instance, we cannot help wondering whether they would have attracted so much attention if they were not so much "in the movement" and if they were not expressed in such admirably terse and dramatic—if not theatrical—French prose. Baldly speaking, Camus's ideas are those of all humanists and men of goodwill, given a Gallic edge and stridency, and achieving an impression of dynamism through one of those bitter feuds which are the life blood of the French intellect. Camus attacked Sartre for asserting that one should not denounce Russian slavery camps, for in his view one must denounce evil wherever it appears and in the name of whatever idealism. Revolt must always be our aim, he says, but not revolution, for revolution always perpetuates the tyranny it employs to gain its ends. One must honour Camus for giving a militant edge to what all humanists more or less incoherently feel, but though Mr. Cruickshank examines his ideas with great lucidity it is astonishing that there should be no mention in the index of George Orwell, with whom Camus has so much in common at the radical and political level. The idiom of the two men is entirely different, however, and this must explain Mr. Cruickshank's reluctance to bring them in contact, for a resounding phrase like "The Literature of Revolt" sounds frankly hollow in the homely context of Orwell's dry and Swiftian indignation.

Coleridge's failure with the mode of symbolic utterance is far more complex and peculiar, though it is as closely connected with the Romantic urge to utter the words that shall at once explain and enlighten the world. Coleridge, as Mr. Beer shows in a book of closely-worked scholarship, was more concerned with the symbol as a mode of metaphysical exploration than of polemic, though in this context too the symbolic mode is an embarrassment to the artist. Mr. Beer proves brilliantly what a meaningful poem, in terms of obscure and subterranean Coleridgean connections, *Kubla Khan* is, but he does not attempt to convince us that this is the way in which the greatest poetry gets written.

JOHN BAYLEY



## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

### APPLIED PHILOSOPHY

PLATO TODAY (2nd Edition). By R. H. S. Crossman. Allen & Unwin. 20s.

"UNTIL the philosophers become kings", said Plato, "or the kings philosophers, there can be no end of evils for mankind". "Until the professors of Greek become politicians", parodied Shaw in *Major Barbara*, "or the politicians become professors of Greek . . ." Well, there are two of us at present, and neither can be said to have been crashingly successful so far, though in the event of a Labour victory at the forthcoming General Election we may yet see Dick Crossman occupying high offices of State. If not, perhaps he and I may console ourselves by recollecting some of the reasons for the philosophers' failure as they are given in *Plato Today*.

*Plato Today*, it should at once be explained, is not Plato today at all but Plato yesterday—the yesterday of the 1930s, for this is a book published in May 1937, which has been "reprinted, with changes or deletions only where topical references have become unintelligible". One is astonished in reading it to realise how profoundly one's environment and one's anxieties have altered in those twenty-two years: Nazi Germany, "appeasement" and the death of the League of Nations, the Spanish Civil War, a Europe literally marching, goose-stepping, to the abyss, all now belong to that remotest of all periods of history, the one just before the present begins. Communism and Communist Russia alone survive intact, and more than intact, from the "today" with which the Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford, confronted the Plato of the *Republic* in 1937.

Crossman's thesis is this. Plato's ambition was to atone for the death of Socrates by carrying his destructive logic on to a creative result, the production of a State and a society in which a Socrates would not have to die. Imbued with this purpose, however, he was misled by his just condemnation of many aspects of contemporary, ultra-democratic Athens into mistaking the restoration of an idealised aristocratic phase of Greek society for the achievement of his aim. Plato himself was not immune from the characteristically Greek failing of hubris; in his case it was the insolence of assuming that even the philosopher-kings could have a unique and complete vision of

truth and righteousness which would justify them in imposing their will upon the community. In the *Republic* in theory, and in Sicily of the 360s in practice, it proved that the polity which Plato had constructed and trained men for in the Academy was a polity where a Socrates would more surely meet his death than the Athens of 399.

Crossman concludes that it is precisely criticism, the ceaseless testing of institutions, claims and assertions by unfettered reason, which is the true contribution of the philosopher to politics: "it is Socrates, not Plato, whom we need". In the real world the philosopher politician cannot create at will the conditions for achieving his vision of justice and right: "the transformation of power politics into the rule of law can only be effected when there is a pervasive sense of national unity, a long-standing tradition on the side of peaceful change and an expanding system of production to supply the wealth needed for social reform. These conditions were present in nineteenth-century England: they were not present in fourth-century Greece".

Crossman's conclusion is consistent with his judgment of the *Republic*. "The more I read it, the more I hate it: and yet I cannot help returning to it time after time. For it is philosophy. It tries to reach the truth by rational discussion and is itself a pattern of the disinterested research which it extols".

J. ENOCH POWELL.

### POOR VERDI

ORPHEUS AT EIGHTY. By Vincent Sheean. Cassell, 25s.

"POOR VERDI" as Toscanini used to call his maestro, is the subject of this massive but "popular" biography: poor Verdi, born in a Po valley village of peasant parents, cursed with early, evident and inexorable genius. Of all the great composers he suffered during his lifetime from the most popular success and public esteem; at one stage, during the *Risorgimento*, he became the nation's pop-writer, his name became the revolutionary slogan. In the international field his life was dogged by the Wagner-fetishists, to whom he behaved in as tolerant and gentlemanly manner as theirs was boorish. After their deaths Wagner prevailed over Verdi as he dominated the

whole of musical criticism. It was Toscanini who got his hero on his feet again and the aftermath of the second War seemed somehow the right time to listen to Verdi, not just his famous trio of operas but *Otello* and, perhaps especially, the *Requiem* which in this country must have as many amateur performances as Brahms's. Now we can see that Verdi and Wagner were not comparable, but we love them both—the eccentricities of the one and the unspeakable awfulness of the other are no longer before us—for writing music which we never want to stop listening to.

Verdi's life, compared with that of his German counterpart, was uneventful, and this may account for the comparative scarcity of biographies. Success came to him early, and never left him. His first wife died, so did his children, before he was thirty. He had, so gossip said, many mistresses, but unlike his northern colleagues did not discuss them publicly. He married again, in 1859. He became, reluctantly, a politician in Cavour's government. He wrote *Aida* (out of which alone he made a fortune) and then retired to his farm a few miles from his birthplace near Busseto, for fifteen years. He did not cease to compose, his reputation was immense, throughout Italy and the rest of Europe. But whereas he might have declined gently, instead he met Boito, that talented, complicated Wagnerite who became to Verdi the son and hero-worshipper whom he needed to revive his genius. The result was *Otello*, then *Falstaff*, performed when the great man was eighty.

Why "poor Verdi"? This is the question Mr. Sheean answers for us in his book. His was a sensitive, proud and intensely independent spirit; he suffered from small-town meanness when young, and he never forgave Busseto, just as later he never forgave Milan. He became a hypochondriac and a melancholic; he had all the peasant's suspicion and caution in business dealings. He never really enjoyed the international acclaim which was his for so long. Something was always there to worry him, to rob him of legitimate pleasures, and this in spite of a loving wife totally dedicated to his well-being, in spite of his estate in the country, his palatial apartments in Genoa. Partly it was that he knew that much of his music was, in the long run, worthless. Perhaps his peasant birth cautioned him against hubris. Mr. Sheean's book, which divides

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## NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Verdi's life a little too schematically up into phases, tells us all most of us need to know about him. It is a leisurely, rather unbuttoned book. One would have liked more quotations from Verdi's correspondence, from which one can gather so much more than a biographer will tell us. (He was a pungent letter-writer: all Englishmen he calls sons-of-bitches.)

A few doubts arise: Palestrina is said never to be performed outside the main artistic capitals. This may be true of America but is not true of Britain. Is the Liturgy (here called "the Latin mass") really the origin of opera? Finally the author's habit of sticking portentous sentences on to the end of his sections palls long before one reaches the end of the book.

But any book is to be welcomed which helps to introduce a great artist to the general reading public.

### OVERHEARD IN A TAVERN

*It was a night in summer, this or some other,  
hot, motionless.*

*I come from Troy and the unhappy war.  
I came here by ship.*

*Smoking crops and a dew of blood,  
women howling  
for murdered and dismembered sons,  
since you ask, I too*

*Journeys and journeys and desolation*

*some bird  
with wings that curved here and here on the wind,  
inscribing nothing,  
endlessly curving.*

*And in the end, what have we in common?  
Some taste of ash and ruin  
as hot in my mouth as in yours, my friend;  
an hour in Marseilles port, a bare reason  
for perpetual grief like a possession,  
this sea bright and hard for the eye's distress,  
this self-condemned, self-knowing bitterness.*

*So the god. So in the visible world.*

*I come from Troy and the unhappy war  
on this night or some other.*

PETER LEVI, S. J.

### EAST COMES WEST

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN UNKNOWN INDIAN AND A PASSAGE TO ENGLAND. By Nirad C. Chaudhuri. Macmillan 21s. and 18s.

JOURNEY TO THE ENDS OF TIME: Vol. I. LOST IN THE DARK WOOD. By Sacheverell Sitwell. Cassell. 35s.

SORROWS, PASSIONS AND ALARMS. By James Kirkup. Collins. 15s.

NO ROOM IN THE ARK. By Alan Moorehead. Hamish Hamilton. 21s.

BIG CHARLIE. By J. H. Williams. Hart-Davis. 18s.

SIGNPOST, 20th Edition. Compiled by W. G. McMinnies. Larby. 15s.

THE second, and more recent, of these two books reached me first and I was so much struck by Mr. Chaudhuri's admirable and allusive English prose that I was astonished to read that he had never been in England until he was almost 60, and that he had written his autobiography a few years earlier. So well does Mr. Chaudhuri write that I felt ashamed that *The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian*, although acclaimed by some of the best English critics, had escaped me altogether, and I am anxious to make what amends I can, late though they are, by urging anyone interested in the Indian scene or the Indian attitude to contemporary events to read these two first-class books as soon as possible. They are the most fascinating books on these subjects by an Indian author that I have ever read.

*A Passage to England*, describing a few weeks spent in this country, is inevitably the more superficial of the two, but the author's account is sustained so ably by his fantastically wide knowledge of English literature of almost every period, that the reader will not notice for a long time that Mr. Chaudhuri's actual experience is comparatively small.

*The Autobiography of an Unknown Indian* describes the conditions in which the author grew to manhood in the early decades of this century. He calls it the story of the struggle of a civilization with a hostile environment, in which the destiny of British rule in India is involved.

Out of his own experience he provides details which reveal the strength and weakness of Indo-British political power and culture, and serve to show the large differences which served to shape his character and personality.

The English authors and famous European personages who fascinated him as a boy were

introduced to him during two years of English education in Calcutta, but it seems probable that he would have discovered them for himself wherever he had been brought up, as he is a man of unquenchable intellectual curiosity. In fact his extraordinary range of interests and the enormous number of authors and books referred to in the book make the publisher's action in omitting an index reprehensible.

Like many Indians, Mr. Chaudhuri flits from one subject to another with an agreeable inconsequence, but his comments are always worth reading and his phraseology is often really striking.

He observes quickly and accurately. The short stay in England, followed by a week in Paris and one in Rome has produced a rich harvest, as described in *A Passage to England*. It was extraordinary that a Hindu from East Bengal should have written an autobiography of outstanding worth and candour. The unique feature of *A Passage to England* is that the author has read and absorbed so much English culture that when he reached our country he was able to apply himself immediately to such questions as "Is the Welfare State a fact or a hoax?" and "What is Shakespeare's place in to-day's England?" without a vestige of hesitation. He was struck by the silence of English crowds, as indeed anyone would be who had hitherto known only the aviary-like twitterings and screams of an Indian bazaar.

Mr. Chaudhuri warns the reader that the England of "the public prints, of shattering jargon, deadening clichés and pseudo-smart journalese" is not to be found in his book. I wish the B.B.C. would ask him to return to England and to investigate for a series of talks on Network Three or the Third Programme. It would be very stimulating and provocative indeed.

It should not be thought that Mr. Chaudhuri is given to sermons and diatribes. His chapter "It Isn't Done" begins enchantingly:

I shall now pass on to the private behaviour of the English people. On this score my initial nervousness was somewhat relieved by a good augury, the courteous behaviour of the English cats.

Unfortunately, I have no space to deal fully with these two delightful and exciting books. No doubt we shall soon hear more from Mr. Chaudhuri. He is a born writer.

And so is Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell. A born writer, who is ever in search of new themes, he has now written the first volume, *Lost in the Dark Wood* of what he calls *Journey to*

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*the Ends of Time*. This promises to be one of the most curious and fascinating books in English. His subject is "the transition or the catastrophe", that takes place at death. At the beginning, the reader has crossed the frontier and the journey has begun. The book is not written from a religious angle. "Its ultimate purpose is to interest and entertain". I think it will fulfil this aim if the reader is willing to surrender himself to the author's peculiar method. His scheme, as promised, is generously planned. This first book of 475 pages will be followed by a second. In it "most of our pains and troubles are over", and the reader is invited to enjoy himself.

Readers of Mr. Sitwell's *All Summer in a Day* will remember it as one of the best pieces of autobiography in English. *Lost in the Dark Wood* passes from one mystical experience to another. In intention it is to be the author's major work, but it is as yet too early for the reader to pronounce judgment, other than an appreciative comment. This is not a book to be read continuously, in my opinion, but I have found enjoyment in reading a few pages at a time. Others with stronger brains than mine may not be so timid.

The first instalment of Mr. James Kirkup's reminiscences of childhood *The Only Child* attracted much favourable attention, and its successor *Sorrows, Passions and Alarms* is, if possible, even better. Only a poet could have written it. It covers the period, between six and eighteen, when the author was a boy in South Shields. Almost the best thing in the book is its setting. The sights and sounds and smells, the local rivalries and jealousies, the Kirkup family and neighbours, have been recreated with a vivid charm that is memorable. Angry young writers with distressing family memories may care to note that *Sorrows, Passions and Alarms* is dedicated to the author's father.

By a sad coincidence, *Big Charlie*, the last book by "Elephant Bill" comes out almost simultaneously with a book which he would, I think, have enjoyed. Mr. Alan Moorehead's *No Room in the Ark* is concerned with "what is left of wild life in Africa" to-day. He calls game preservation a "losing battle", in spite of the labours of Mervyn Cowie, Captain Potter, Peter Molloy and others as devoted as they are, who work in the great national parks and elsewhere to try to preserve wild creatures in a scientific age which has increasingly less use for them, except to view them in reserves, zoos, or as seen by professional zoologists in television programmes.

There are no pretensions to special zoological knowledge in Mr. Moorehead's writing. He has linked together the results of his own observations, comments made by experts on the spot and extracts from the best available books on the subject.

As one of the foremost living descriptive journalists, Mr. Moorehead can sum up an animal as easily as he can skin a politician in a few terse sentences:

Giraffes have a slightly affronted air when they are disturbed; somehow they contrive to make you feel as though you have just said something in particularly bad taste, and they sniff the breeze reproachfully. The skins of this group were superb: smooth and bright and glossy, so bright indeed that they stood out plainly against the bush, as plainly as the stripes of the zebras do. Clearly this pattern of jagged brown squares is meant to camouflage the animal by breaking up its outline, but it didn't seem to be very effective at a range of thirty yards; not, at any rate, with those ten-foot necks swaying above us like vast asparagus stalks among the trees. And then abruptly they were off. No living creature in this world runs as the giraffe does. It moves its legs in pairs on either side, first the right side forward then the left, and this imparts a singular undulating motion to the huge beast. It flows across the countryside with the delayed rhythm of a film in slow motion, and it is perfectly wonderful to watch.

In 1957 Mr. Butlin inserted an advertisement in the Personal column of *The Times* offering £1,000 in cash for the immediate safe transport of the largest elephant in captivity from Butlin's camp, Ayr, to Butlin's, Filey. Various people called the late J. H. Williams ('Elephant Bill's') attention to it, and this book, which is unfortunately his last, was the result.

Besides giving a humorous and sometimes moving account of this strange journey, Colonel Williams has also reconstructed Big Charlie's life.

The book is a remarkable commentary on elephant behaviour, and the best thing in it is the friendship that grew up between Big Charlie, and his mahout, Ibrahim.

The illustrations in these two books are of superlative excellence.

Every year Mr. McMinnies adds to his invaluable "ultimate, independent guide to pleasant ports of call in Britain and the Channel Isles". There are also maps and careful road directions. I have used *Signpost* now for many years and have never found reason to disagree with the author about any hotel or restaurant he has recommended.

ERIC GILLET





records

## Vocal

First one of the most beautiful and satisfying records that has come my way for a long time. Fischer-Dieskau sings one complete Bach Church Cantata *Der Friede sei mit dir* (My peace be with you) and five arias from other cantatas, all of them wonderful music beautifully performed. He is joined by the Choir of St. Hedwig's Cathedral, Berlin, who sing the chorales in the majority of the chosen works, and by the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Forster. The playing of the violin, flute, and oboe *obbligati* is outstandingly good (H.M.V. ALP 1703). An excellent group of soloists, Coertse, Sjöstedt, Rössl-Majdan and Dermota, with the Vienna Choir and Orchestra of the Vienna State Opera, give the best performance and recording of Bach's D major *Magnificat* that we have had so far. The orchestra as recorded is apt to overpower the voices at certain points and the soloists are not all free of the intrusive aspirate "h" in rapid passages, but in general this is a very satisfactory disc. It includes the great double chorus which is the only surviving number from the Church Cantata *Nun ist das Heil und die Kraft* (Top Rank XRX 507). Vox have recorded Mahler's *Das Lied von der Erde* (The Song of the Earth) on Mono (PL10910) and Stereo (ST-PL51091-2) with Grace Hoffmann and Helmut Melchert as soloists and Hans Rosbaud conducting the South-west German Radio Symphony Orchestra. The interpretation is so different from the lovely and most moving one given by Kathleen Ferrier, Patzak, Walter and the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra that it is not easy to be fair to it, and though the reproduction is superior to that of the Decca (LXT 2721-2) the orchestral playing is not. Rosbaud takes a more dramatic view of the music and moves it along more, and Miss Hoffmann, a fine contralto, is not often allowed to become "expressive." The tenor does his best in the taxing first song but is too robust in the delicate one about the Chinese pavilions. The Mono version gets the work into one disc, the stereo takes two and has not, in my view, sufficient compensating advantages.

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whose many years of recording exclusively for Decca have produced some of the world's finest high fidelity records, is to pay one of his all too rare visits to London at the end of this month to conduct for the BBC on 27th September and 3rd and 5th October, and at the Royal Festival Hall on 7th October. Here are two new Ansermet records released this month and a very limited selection of previously released successes including some of the works which he will be conducting.

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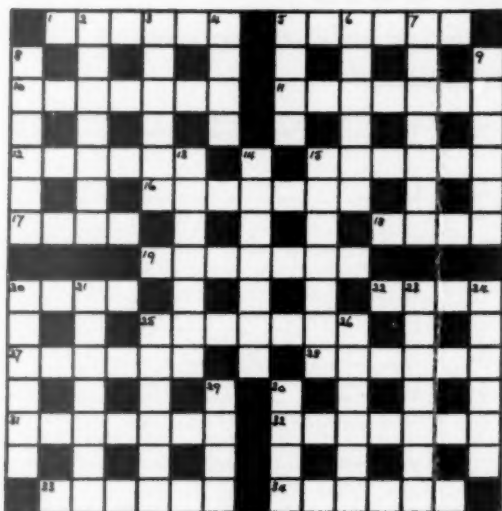
I must warmly recommend Anna Maffo's singing of Pamina's aria from *The Magic Flute* in her Mozart recital with Galliera and the Philharmonia Orchestra. She has the perfectly poised tone and breath control this aria needs and it is a most lovely performance. She sings the two soprano numbers from the C Minor Mass, K427, the "Alleluia" from *Exultate Jubilate*, "L'amero" from *Il Re Pastore* and a rather dull concert aria, and does nearly everything extremely well (Columbia 33C1061). Another admirable artist is Teresa Berganza who gives a Rossini recital with Alexander Gibson and the L.S.O. on Decca Mono LXT 5514 and Stereo SXL 2132—the latter providing the soprano excels in the excerpts from *L'Italiana in Algeri* and *Cenerentola* and "Fae ut Portema" from *Stabat Mater*, but cannot yet sing the florid sections of "Una voce poco fa" and "Bel raggio" with complete ease and flexibility. This is a very beautiful voice.

Charles Craig's huge success at Covent Garden has led H.M.V. to make a disc of him singing in Italian twelve of the stock tenor arias. He comes well out of the ordeal and is oddly given an un-named orchestra, conducted by Michael Collins, to accompany him. It works hard and well but seems deficient in strings. Mr. Craig shows that he can hold his own in this field, his upper notes have the authentic ring, if not all the power needed, and his soft singing is very pleasing, but he cannot yet do the Pagliacci "sob" or achieve the light-hearted tone of the *Rigolotto* arias. (Stereo CSD 1264; Mono CLP 1271.)

Mark Reizen, a magnificent Russian bass, has recorded with artists, chorus and orchestra from the Bolshoi Theatre, a series of scenes from *Boris Godunov* and *Prince Igor*. The *Boris* excerpts include the scene before the Cathedral of St. Basil which Moussorgsky deleted from his second variation of the opera. This we are given with the original orchestration, the remainder have Rimsky Korsakov's "improvements." Mr. Reizen sings Pirnen and Varlaam as well as *Boris*, and Galitsky and Konchak in *Prince Igor*, and is well supported, particularly by the tenor who sings the simpleton's poignant song about the lost goat. The recording is best in *Boris* but not up to our standards on either disc. These authentic performances are, however, most enjoyable. (Parlophone PMA 1047-8).

ALEC ROBERTSON.

# NATIONAL & ENGLISH REVIEW CROSSWORD No. 35



A Prize of one guinea will be awarded for the first correct solution opened on September 16. Please cut out and send, with your name and address, to National and English Review (Crossword), 2 Breams Buildings, London, E.C.4.

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## SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD PUZZLE NUMBER 34

ACROSS. — 1. Action. 5. Pumice. 9. Eva.  
11. Asinine. 12. Rampart. 13. Rash. 14. Class.  
15. Stop. 18. Tenant's. 20. Learner. 22. Seals.  
25. Trianon. 28. Anti. 29. Cream. 30.  
Aged. 33. Residue. 34. Impres. 35. Nun.  
36. Insect. 37. Garish.

DOWN. — 2. Crimson. 3. Ibis. 4. Needles.  
5. Parasol. 6. Mimi. 7. Chasten. 8. Parrot.  
10. Stupor. 16. Infer. 17. Basil. 19. Ewe.  
21. Ego. 22. Stairs. 23. Artisan. 24. Serpent.  
25. Tearing. 26. Negress. 27. Nodose. 31.  
Idle. 32. Spur.

### CLUES

#### ACROSS

1. Stop an artist turning to others (6)
5. Reduction allowed for luncheon possibly (6)
10. Go back and stand another round (7)
11. Seemliness of French company — strange! (7)
12. In splitting a fish the inside is seen (6)
15. Roman sage seen wandering with an accountant (6)
16. The leading lights of light orchestras (7)
17. Indifferent when there's nothing to help (2-2)
18. Prison activity (4)
19. An uncouth fellow had a meal outside and behaved insultingly (7)
20. "Heaven has no . . . . . like love to hatred turn'd"
22. Customs observed among Hindus especially (4)
25. Attracted away Uncle Andrew, being foul (7)
27. Railway partisanship? (6)
28. A number colour anything useless (6)
31. Suits scholar with bad chest (7)
32. Fancy figure to go about in (7)
33. A joint seat (6)
34. Admittance of course (6)

#### DOWN

2. Seamen may give rats gin (7)
3. Players' order of departure (6)
4. Monkey — it has twice made a comeback (4)
5. A system that introduces many to poetry (4)
6. Exceptionally chaste clasps (6)
7. "Life is real! Life is . . . . .!" Longfellow (*A Psalm of Life*) (7)
8. To a doctor ailments are boring things (6)
9. I'm quietly bearing hurt (6)
13. Proceed to hang a bird (7)
14. A weight on one's conscience? (7)
15. Not many part with almost all (7)
20. Make a fresh start in abridged form (6)
21. Flower which could make goat die (7)
23. It's glorious under a tree! (7)
24. A suitable background for some projected entertainment (6)
25. With no protection for the feet hounds go berserk (6)
26. Nodding fruit worker (6)
29. Domestic slave in large demesnes (4)
30. Disraeli called it the great physician (4)

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